The RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

A WORD OF WISDOM

—o—

...adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all saints

That inasmuch as any man drink wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good...

And again tobacco is not for the body, and is not...good for man.

...hot drinks are not for the body or the belly.

All wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature and use of man...every fruit in the season thereof ...flesh also of beasts and of fowls...to be used sparingly...and all grain is good for the food of man.

...Saints who remember to do these sayings shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones...shall find wisdom...shall run and not be weary ..walk and not faint.

RIL, 1939
XXVI – No. 4

B. Y. U. Library

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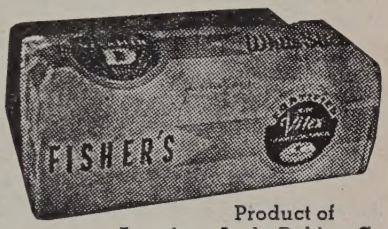

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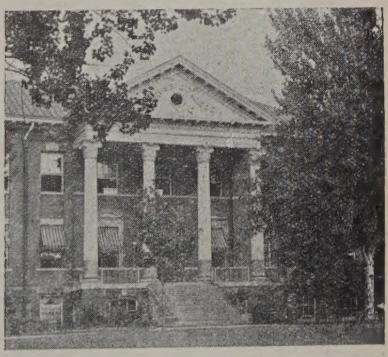

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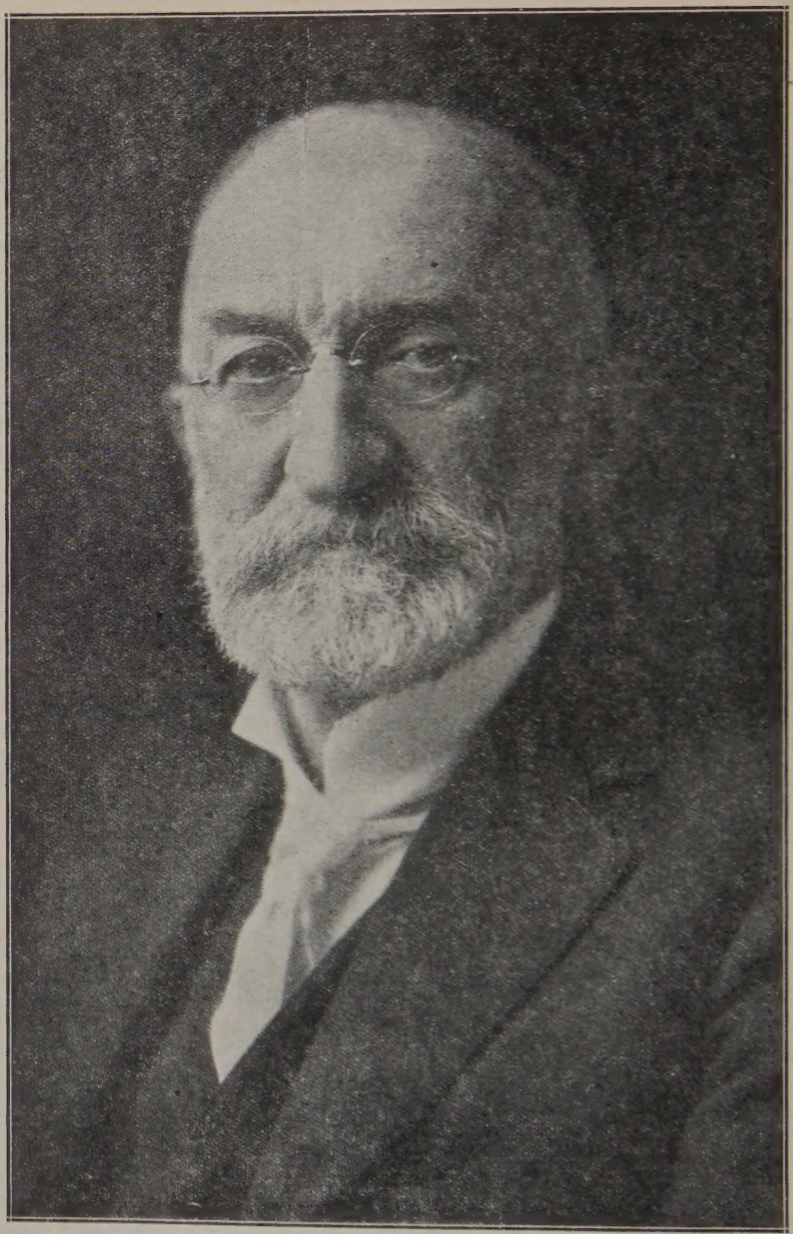


"During all my lifetime since childhood I have never known of one man or woman who was an honest, conscientious tithepayer, who observed the Word of Wisdom and who attended his or her Fast meetings and Sacrament meetings and partook of the spirit of those meetings, to lose his or her faith."

—*President Heber J. Grant.*

The
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXVI APRIL, 1939 No. 4

The Miracle of Carthage Jail

By Joseph A. and Eunice McRae

ILLINOIS was admitted to the Union in 1818. Hancock County, situated on the western side of the state, bounded on the west by the Mississippi River, was organized in 1825. At the time it was organized it was dependent upon Adams County, to the south. However, it became independent in 1829. There was considerable controversy in the beginning over the location of the county-seat. The first four sessions of court were held at the home of James White, who lived on the river shore near the ferry landing, directly west of what later became Commerce and then Nauvoo. Two sessions were held in the home of Hazen Bedell, further south along the river shore. A log court house was erected in the town of Montebello, six miles south of where Nauvoo is now located, where court was held until the close of 1832. In 1833 the three commissioners of Morgan County, on the north, were appointed by the legislature to select a site for a Hancock county-seat. Two of these men met with the Hancock County commissioners and, after making a thorough investigation, selected the site on township 5 north, range 6 west, the northwest quarter of section 19. Their report was signed March 21, 1833.

One of the committee had been reading ancient history, especially that of the Punic wars and the founding of Carthage in Africa. The history stated that Carthage is a Phoenician and Hebrew word, meaning "New City". So our Carthage came into existence as a "New City".

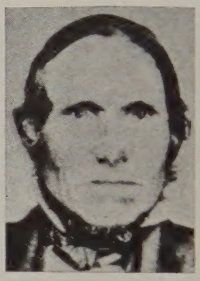
The town at the present writing has a population of 2,200, with beautiful homes and seven churches.

THE historical center of interest in Carthage is the "Old Jail". Silent and awe inspiring it stands, and few buildings in the vicinity are as old. The contract for the jail was let to William Metcalf in the year 1839. Samuel Dickinson was associate contractor.

The building was constructed of a peculiar limestone slightly yellow in color. The oldest residents do not agree upon the location of the quarry from which the stone was taken. In an effort to locate similar stone to fill a small space below a window, we hunted through several quarries in vain. At last, matching

stone was secured from the foundation of an old barn. However, the owner did not know where it originally came from.

The building, which faces south, is two and one-half stories high. There are three rooms on the ground floor. The dining room in the northeast corner is perhaps the one where the Prophet and his brother ate their last meal on earth. The southeast corner room was a living room and has a spacious fireplace. Looking at the smoke-stained rocks on either side, one can well imagine the many tales here told of heroism in hunting bear, wolves and other inhabitants of the forests as well as tales of Indian encounters. The hearth was made of brick, much worn during the years.



William Metcalf, and Samuel Dickinson, contractor and associate in building the Carthage Jail one hundred years ago this year.

The other room on this floor is in the northwest corner of the building and is known as the "debtor's" room. It is approximately 12x12 feet, about the size of the dining room. On the floor of this room the Prophet and his companions spent at least one night. This room is the only one in the building showing any evidence of bars on the windows.

There are two rooms on the second floor. The north room was a cell room where the more dangerous prisoners were confined. Just how many cells were in this room is not known, for the records are not in existence. This room is the one into which Elder Willard Richards carried Elder John Taylor after he had been so cruelly wounded. Elder Richards calls this room "the dungeon"; hence, there was perhaps but one window—at the present there are two windows. The floor and ceiling joists of this room are made of hand-hewed oak logs, eight inches thick and placed close together. The floor and ceiling were doubtless covered with 1¼ inch oak, tongued and grooved. There was a cage at the entrance, but the cells and the cage have long ago been taken away. The entrance is directly facing the head of the stairs.

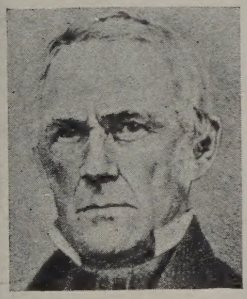
To the right and east of the stairway is a door leading into the room where the tragedy of the Martyrdom occurred. This room has a fireplace and three windows, two on the south side and one on the east. Through the east window the Prophet jumped to his death. The shot which wounded Elder Taylor came through this window, the ball striking his silver watch and throwing him back into the room. In this room President Hyrum Smith's body was found on the floor, his head toward the east. The shot came through the door—the bullet hole still remaining. Another shot was fired through the edge of the door, but this piece has since been removed and a piece of pine fills the place. The piece that was taken from the side of the door is here

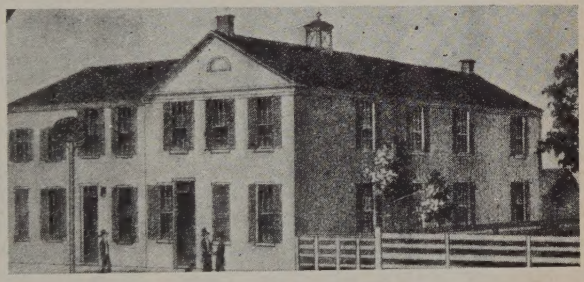
in Carthage, and we have hopes that some day we shall be able to have it replaced. This room was evidently the jailor's bedroom, for we read that Elder John Taylor rolled under the bed. Blood stains on the floor are mute evidence of what happened there. The two rooms in the attic were doubtless used as storage rooms.

IN 1866 the building was sold to Bryant F. Peterson. He remodeled the inside and used it for a residence. The cells were removed and also the bars from the windows of the "debtor's" room. Mr. Peterson paid the county $1,100 for the property. He sold it to J. M. Browning for $1,500, who in turn deeded it to his wife. Mrs. Browning purchased another lot on the east, giving her one-fourth of the block. In 1903 Mr. Browning died, and Mrs. Browning sold the property to President Joseph F. Smith, Trustee-in-Trust for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for $4,000. During the occupancy of the Brownings several changes were made. One window on the south was removed and a French window installed, which opened into a conservatory. A little kitchen on the east was removed and a larger addition took its place. The well was filled and flowers planted over the spot.

Considerable difficulty was experienced by us in locating the old well. The oldest inhabitants were not agreed as to its exact location, but we began digging, and, though we removed enough soil to have dug several wells, at last we found a place which seemed to be earth filled. We went down with a hole six feet in diameter to a depth of 19 feet before the wall of the well was encountered. At the bottom we found two and one-half feet of the old brick wall. The well is now all walled up. There is a curb on top, and we intend putting in an old-fashioned windlass, as was there in the beginning, with an "old oaken bucket".

After the Church came into possession of the place, it was left vacant for a long time, then it was rented and turned into a rooming house. This continued for about eighteen years until the present occupants arrived.





ARTOIS HAMILTON, OWNER OF THE HAMILTON HOTEL. HE TOOK CARE OF THE BODIES OF JOSEPH AND HYRUM AT HIS HOTEL DURING THE NIGHT OF JUNE 27, 1844 AND ACCOMPANIED THEM TO NAUVOO THE NEXT MORNING

During the past year considerable work has been done on the outside and some on the inside. The corners of the building have been reinforced by concrete footings extending ten feet each way. There has also been a reinforced concrete wall constructed around the building, which extends from below the bottom of the foundation to the soil line. This should secure the building for another hundred years. The crevices between the stone on the outside have all been repointed with lime and cement.

Paint has been removed from the doors and windows on the inside. There are six original doors in the house, and they are all made of solid walnut. The door casings are made of oak, walnut and butternut. Some of the door frames have been made out of logs, hand hewed. Being full of knots, they required considerable work to shape. Those who shaped them were men with plenty of time and patience. This hardwood, after all these years of seasoning, takes on a beautiful polish.

The hardwood used in the jail we found difficult to match, for a number of places had been eaten by rats, and we had to find wood for repair. On the whole we were quite successful, though the task required much time, some of the wood having to be ripped from larger pieces. Some of the solid walnut seats in the windows are 25 inches wide, and they have plenty of knots, too.

Carthage Jail has a peculiar record. Some of the noblest and choicest of God's servants were housed here, and also some of his Satanic majesty's most diabolical demons.

The Prophet had a premonition of coming doom. Elder John Taylor, who left his blood on the floor but was miraculously saved to later preside over the Church he so courageously defended, said: "We all of us felt unusually dull and languid, with a remarkable depression of spirits. In consonance with those feelings I sang a song that had lately been introduced into Nauvoo, entitled *A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief*.

"The song is pathetic and the tune plaintive and was very much in accordance with our feelings at the time, for our spirits were all depressed, dull and gloomy, and surcharged with indefinite, ominous forebodings. After a lapse of time Brother Hyrum requested me again to sing that song. I replied, 'Brother Hyrum, I do not feel like singing;' when he remarked, 'O, never mind; commence singing, and you will get the spirit of it.' At his request I did so. Soon afterwards I was sitting at one of the front windows of the jail, when I saw a number of men with painted faces, coming around the corner of the jail and aiming toward the stairs." (See Roberts' *Rise and Fall of Nauvoo*.)

CARTHAGE JAIL is known throughout the world. The register of visitors has names from England, far-off India, Brazil, Australia —in fact from the farthermost parts of the earth.

Some come to ridicule and make light of the events that have made the historic house famous, but usually they go away with a quiet demeanor and reverential respect for the participants of that terrible tragedy. Some give way to denuncia-

A VIEW OF THE OLD CARTHAGE JAIL SHOWING THE WELL IN PROCESS OF RESTORATION. THE SECOND STORY WINDOW IS THE ONE THROUGH WHICH JOSEPH WAS SHOT AS HE WAS ABOUT TO LEAP. JOSEPH A. McRAE STANDS NEAR THE WELL

tions against the deed which was committed. One gentleman said: "I can tell you why those men were murdered. They were too prosperous; they were too high-minded and had too exalted ideals to suit the surrounding populace, who were made up of the 'riff-raff' of humanity. Such people cannot look at the success of others without envy." So, various opinions are advanced, not always unprejudiced, but those who are unfair show how little they know about what they say, when confronted with the facts.

The "Old Jail" stands a monument to the past and a testimony to the children of the future. Finished only four years before the tragedy that stained its floors with the blood of martyrs, the only important event ever happening in the old structure marks it from the thousands of jails throughout the world. The tragedy of the Martyrdom marks the beginning of a great migration which almost parallels the march of the Children of Israel. Joseph Smith's name was little known at the time of his death; now it is known in every part of the earth. His teachings are broadcast throughout the world. Those misguided men who took part in the assassination that deprived the world of two of God's vicegerents thought they had destroyed the work of those men, but they only gave it stimulus that hastened it to greater heights. Carthage Jail was the beginning, not the end. Reputed to have numbered about 20,000 at the time of

the Martyrdom, the adherents now approach nearly 800,000 in number.

And where are the men who painted their faces for disguise and took part in the terrible deed? Gone, and their posterity do not boast of the deeds of their fathers; some of the principals died unenviable deaths.

Carthage Jail stands as a "Miracle" of a past age, in the midst of a changing world, when buildings of the yesterdays are razed to make room for more modern structures. In the midst of the thought that the "old must pass," the old stone building has weathered the storms of one hundred years, bearing mute testimony that the ways of men are not the ways of God.

We are happy in our work in this historic monument; we love it, and we have many opportunities to defend the faith of our fathers. We have made many friends and have received many letters of appreciation for the information we have given.

RESTORATION

By Lee Stokes

The youth and the angel
Alone on the hill
In the glory of sunset
In the peace and the still;

And the dust of the ages
Has spoken at last,
While the light of the Gospel
On error is cast.

The records of gold
By the angel defined
Are freighted with hope
For the good of mankind.

And Joseph the Seer,
No longer a youth,
Descends from the hill-top
A prophet of Truth.

Adventure With Books

By Sidney B. Sperry

ONE summer evening a few years ago the class in Hebrew gathered as usual in my office at Brigham Young University. Brother Howard Salisbury brought a book which made this particular evening unusually interesting and profitable. It was a Hebrew Bible that had been used by President Heber C. Kimball in the School of the Prophets just one hundred years before. The Bible was bound in dark leather, and President Kimball's name was printed in gold letters across the front of it. Rich in historical associations, the book gave us all a thrill as we examined it. It was to prove, however, a forerunner of surprises.

Some evenings later Brother Jessie Washburn, Principal of the Provo Seminary and one of the veteran teachers of the Church, came to class and casually tossed two old books on the table around which we were seated. One of the books caught my eye. It was a Hebrew Bible about the size of President Kimball's, but not as attractively bound. I found the Bible to be the same edition as the other. Hastily turning to the front of the book I searched for a signature. There was one. A tingle went up my spine as I read: "Horace K. Whitney, May, 1836." Here, without any doubt, was another Bible that was used in the School of the Prophets. I then examined the other book Brother Washburn had brought and read on the cover the following:

A
Manual Hebrew Grammar,
For the Use of Beginners

By J. Seixas
Second Edition enlarged and improved.

I knew this was a copy of Prof. Seixas' Hebrew grammar such as had been used by Joseph Smith and his brethren in the School of the Prophets. Turning to the inside of the book we found Horace K. Whitney's name and the date, as in his Hebrew Bible. All of us by now were intensely interested.

"Brother Washburn," I asked, "where did you get these?"

"Oh, in an old bookstore in Salt Lake today. I asked them if they had any Hebrew books for sale, and they brought these out. They gave me both of them for fifty cents!"

Brother Washburn had not yet had time to examine the books, and our discovery of the signatures made us all realize the value of his purchase.

After a few days I came to Salt Lake and acting on a "hunch" went to a bookstore that dealt in second-hand books. I asked the lady who waited on me if she had any Hebrew Bibles or grammars for sale. She replied that she wasn't sure there were any left because a man had purchased several a number of days before. But in a few minutes she returned with three books. Two of them I quickly discarded as being of no particular value and turned to the third. To my surprise and satis-

faction it was another copy of Professor Seixas' *Manual Hebrew Grammar*. Hiding my excitement as best I could I turned over the cover and there on the fly leaf somewhat covered up by childish scrawls in red crayon was the following:

N. K. Whitney
June 1836

I had in my hands the very Hebrew grammar used by Newel K. Whitney in the School of the Prophets. Brother Whitney was the father of Horace K. Whitney and the grandfather of the late Apostle Orson F. Whitney. I turned to the lady who was waiting on me and asked, "How much do you want for this?" She looked at the listing in the book and said, "It's marked fifty cents, but I'll let you have it for a quarter." Needless to say, the book is one of the principal treasures of my library.

Subsequently Brother James R. Clark, now Library Assistant at Brigham Young University, not to be outdone, picked up in a Salt Lake bookshop a copy of Riggs' *Aramaic Grammar* with the name of W. W. Phelps inscribed on an inner leaf. The date, 1832, was also indicated. Brother Phelps was closely associated with the Prophet Joseph Smith in the early days of the Church, and the Aramaic grammar is a remarkable commentary on the breadth of his interests.

SPEAKING of Bibles—the reader will note one of my hobbies—about 1930 while teaching Hebrew to a few students at Moscow, Idaho, I sent an order for several inexpensive Hebrew Bibles to a book dealer in Chicago. In due time they arrived. They were of many editions and sizes. There was one edition in two volumes beautifully bound in leather. It was too bulky for student use, so I put it on a shelf in my office and promptly forgot it. Some months later I was perusing a volume dealing with various editions of the Bible. It contained a picture of two pages from the first American edition of the Hebrew Bible. The general make-up and style of these pages vaguely reminded me of a Hebrew Bible I had seen before. Getting up from my chair I pulled down the two volume Hebrew Bible from the shelf where it had reposed for so long and examined it carefully. Turning to the title page in the first volume, I found myself the happy possessor of a set of the first American edition of the Hebrew Bible printed in Philadephia in 1814. The invoice from the Chicago book dealer showed that I had obtained the set for fifty cents! I am informed by a New York expert that it is worth twenty times what I paid for it. The satisfaction one gets from obtaining a book of this kind lies not so much in its pecuniary value as in the fact that it has made history. Few persons realize the tremendous influence the Bible has had in shaping American democracy.

BOOKS have personality. Sometimes one can take a book with an ordinary personality and completely transform it in a very short time, and usually an adventure accompanies the transformation. Let me give an illustration: On the afternoon of April 6, 1929, I attended a reception at the University of Chicago in honor of Professor Adolf Deiss-

mann, who had been a towering figure in New Testament scholarship for a generation. He was professor of New Testament at the University of Berlin. Scholars came hundreds of miles to meet him. It was a memorable occasion, and I determined to make the most of it. Before leaving my study room I pulled down from my bookshelves a copy of Professor Deissmann's *New Light on the New Testament*, which had been published in 1908. It was a little out of date, but suited my purpose. Taking it in my hands, I proceeded to the reception room where the crowd was gathering. After a short program we all lined up to meet Dr. Deissmann. I was astonished at the height and breadth of the man. He was a giant physically as well as mentally. When it came my turn to meet him he cordially shook my hand, and I asked if he would autograph the little dark blue volume I extended to him. He looked at it, and his face beamed with pleasure. Stepping to a near by table he autographed the book in old German script and added the date. Meanwhile I could hear several around me expressing their regrets that they did not bring books to be autographed.

Occasionally one may acquire almost by accident a book having an unusual personality.

One day I stepped into a London bookstore not far from the British Museum. In an obscure corner I discovered a number of old Syriac New Testaments, grammars, histories and other works of interest to specialists. I made a number of purchases including a copy of William Cureton's *Four Gospels in Syriac*. This book, published in 1858, reveals the text of an ancient manuscript of the Gospels found by Dr. Cureton in the Nitrian Desert in 1842-47. The manuscript is now in the British Museum. Not until I returned to America did the book receive a careful examination. On the inside of its cover I made an interesting discovery. Written in fairly heavy ink was the following:

Francis Teluy Basett
(spelling of last two names uncertain)
Dulverton Vicarage

Immediately below this in lighter ink was another name and notation in a feminine hand as follows:

Agnes S. Lewis

bought April 11, 1893

Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis was probably the greatest woman Bible scholar of all time. She was the wife of S. S. Lewis, a distinguished English archaeologist. With her learned sister, Mrs. Gibson, she discovered in 1892, at a convent on Mt. Sinai, a very ancient manuscript of the Gospels in the Syriac language. She published a translation of it in 1894 and a new edition in 1896. The copy of Cureton's work in my possession is evidently the very one used by Mrs. Lewis in making preliminary studies of the Syriac manuscript she and her sister had discovered. It is another of my very prized possessions.

AS a member of the Library Committee at Brigham Young University I have numerous interesting adventures with books, sometimes on a large scale.

Last spring I examined a catalog

from a British book concern in London that had for sale several rare or valuable sets of books dealing with archaeology. One set, *Archaeologia*, published by the Society of Antiquaries of London, contained 107 volumes running from 1770 to 1930. Another set was the *Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology* and still others were the *Proceedings of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society* and *The Survey of Western Palestine*. I realized that these books would be of immense value for research and reference purposes in the fields of Bible, Book of Mormon, English, archaeology, etc. We are always especially desirous of getting fundamental works in the field of religion because of the importance of the latter at Brigham Young University. Even a layman can see the value of having such fine sets at the Church university. The prices placed on these valuable works were so low as to surprise me. I went to President Franklin S. Harris and asked if it would be possible to send immediately for them. He was toiling over the University budget, and no funds could be spared at the time; but he promised that if possible he would send for them later. I thought to myself, "These books will be snapped up by some institution before our order ever gets there." However, late in the summer I was happily surprised by the arrival of all the sets in good condition. Our buy was a splendid one and will add materially to the religious sources available in the Heber J. Grant library.

NIGHT STILLNESS

By William A. Forsyth

The night was beautiful.
The atmosphere
Mystically still.

A full moon in a cloudless sky
Looking down
From a background of softly floating stars
Brought to my troubled mind
And saddened soul
A calm and gentle stillness,
A tranquil peace.

A Boy's Tithing Problem

By Presiding Bishop LeGrand Richards

The following problem has been submitted to us by a Latter-day Saint mother:

"My son who is a Priest in the Aaronic Priesthood has been taught the principle of tithing to the best of my knowledge. I felt sure he was paying an honest tithing, but upon a closer check-up I was surprised and disappointed to learn that though the boy was paying an honest tithing on a sum which he received regularly from his father's estate, he was not paying a full tithing upon his own earnings. How may I most effectively impress upon the boy the importance of paying a full tithing upon his entire income?"

Presiding Bishop LeGrand Richards' suggested solution is here presented:

TRY to establish in the mind of the boy the necessity of being as honest with his Heavenly Father in the matter of handling finances as he would be with his earthly father or his employer. If either were to leave him in charge of his business with full right to operate the same according to his best judgment, with the understanding and agreement that strict accounting should be given; and if the boy should sell $100 worth of goods a day and report only sales of $50, how would he feel about it? Would his conscience be clear? Would he feel that it was fair? How long would he expect to retain his position of responsibility?

It should not be difficult to teach a boy that if it is right to pay tithing on any portion of his income, it is right to pay on all. How can we make one part appear more important than another?

We are indebted to the Lord for all we enjoy, even for life itself. Without Him we could have no existence. It is because of His planning that the earth was created and that we are privileged to live upon it. But He sent us here with a definite and distinct understanding that we should account to Him for all we do. In this accounting He has asked that we give Him a tenth of our increase annually. If we fail to do this, how will we feel when we appear before Him to account for our stewardship? Will we feel that we have been honest with the Lord? Will we expect Him to say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Or will we fear that we will be regarded as an unprofitable servant, of whom He said, "Take away even that which he hath. And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Possibly the characteristic most to be desired in life is that of dependability. The Lord must be pleased when He has a son whom He can trust under all circumstances. This He indicated in the case of His servant Job. He permitted the evil one to tempt him almost beyond that which any man could be expected to endure, but the Lord knew his heart and knew that He could depend upon him, and Job did not disappoint Him.

"Not mine to keep—not mine to spend,
Not mine to give, not mine to lend,
'Tis the Lord's part—'tis the Lord's part,
A tenth of all I gain.

"He gives me all and asks this part,
To test the bigness of my heart,
'Tis the Lord's part—'tis the Lord's part,
A tenth of all I gain."

Out-of-Door Development of the Home Beautiful

By Rachel B. Morris, Landscape Architect

ORGANIZATION of the out-of-doors into areas or units suited to different uses, just as indoors we have bedrooms, kitchen and such, according to the needs, is the only satisfactory way to enjoy fully our home outside as well as within the four walls.

The wonder of our not-too-distant past is that our "desert was made to blossom as the rose". If we are to build on that heritage in a manner worthy, we must not be content to do the same things that our forebears did, for they knew many handicaps difficult for us to realize, as they struggled from day to day for existence.

Grandmother may have had a flower because it was the only one that grew from the few seeds the stranger gave her in exchange for a loaf of bread. Father may have planted the tree where it is because it was the only place he was sure to reach it with water and keep it alive.

But for you and me there are the seed catalogs seductive with every color and kind of plant, and the nurseryman willing to supply the requested plants in any stage of growth, or nearby friends who are complimented if we ask for a "start" of some attractive flower that they have been successful in growing.

The responsibility that is ours is not to grow something—anything—but to select that which is best suited for our particular purpose. What might this purpose, this special effect, our individual problem of beau-

WHEN A VIEW LIKE THIS IS AVAILABLE FROM THE INSIDE OF THE HOUSE, THE GARDEN BECOMES A BIT MORE A PART OF THE HOME.

AN EXAMPLE OF A HIGHLY SATISFACTORY USE OF OUTDOOR SPACE WITHOUT CENTERING THE HOUSE.

tification be? The answers to these questions come only after we have carefully analyzed each situation.

Planning outdoor property with the thought of making it more beautiful will first have to do with making it more useful, for beauty without usefulness seems artificial and affected.

Best results will come for the average home when three aspects are duly studied: first, that of the semi-public, the view seen by all passers-by; second, the service, which consists of necessities used for living in and maintaining the house; and third, the private garden, which may vary widely in size and development. The location of the house on the property, the floor plan or arrangement of rooms, and the outdoor plans should all be considered simultaneously.

A common opinion is that the house should be "centered" on a town property so as to present a balanced effect. This is more often untrue than not, and often the cause of wasteful and disappointing use of outdoor space. The front facade is balanced by the proper planting of enframing trees or groups of shrubs. If the interest of the house, possibly a doorway or important window, is far to one side, the picture can be made to balance by planting a large tree somewhat to the other side and a much smaller tree on the crowded side—never, of course, in front of a window or door. These trees serve as a frame for the main part of the picture, which is the house. Shrubs, chosen with the size of the house definitely in mind, will help to join the trees, the green grass of the foreground, and the house into a unified group. These shrubs, to be in good taste, will not

be individually too conspicuous either in foliage or shape or they will draw attention away from the house rather than enframe it.

The distance of the house from the street is largely determined by the houses already existing in the neighborhood, because an harmonious note is reached when there is not too great variation. The ideal is to allow just enough room for a simple approach, without robbing the owner of any of the private area that might be developed in the rear.

THIS ILLUSTRATES THE USE OF HIGH PLANTINGS TO OBTAIN A DEGREE OF PRIVACY FOR YOUR GARDEN.

THE charming American tradition which makes the most pleasing impression in the residential sections of our towns and cities is that of wide shady streets and open green lawns. It expresses that very democratic freedom which is America. Rather than push a high wall parallel with a public walk, or hide the house far back in the property, the friendly, good-neighbor expression, which improves the general appearance of all adjoining lots, is to reserve this space for the setting of the house, which the landscape architect calls the semi-public area.

Because this area is semi-public, it is definitely unsuited to any development of a flower garden or useless architectural features such as benches, free standing lattices or other ornaments, which only detract from the main interest of the house and all in all result in an effect a bit ridiculous. Nothing will improve this already well established front lawn tradition in our country so much as keeping lawns neatly cut and green and uncluttered with a number of shoddy ornaments or incongruous flower beds.

The next problem is to so arrange the service—kitchen entrance, garage, coal chute and deliveries—so that they are all easily accessible from one driveway. Many unsightly little sheds or old barns are left

(Continued on page 281)

When It's Springtime

By Barbara Badger Burnett

JUST as soon as there's a tinge of spring in the air we all want to do things, scratch around in the garden, bring pussy willows and violets and hyacinths into the house, and entertain our friends.

The hospitality of every American household, whether it is a simple one or an elaborate one, centers about its dining table. A luncheon is a delightful way of extending this hospitality.

A hostess who does things "just right" plans carefully every detail of her luncheon. The menu, of course, is of importance. There is a steady demand for menus, and they are always suggestive; but they seldom fit the case exactly. They depend on times and seasons, localities and pocketbooks, community customs and individual notions. They are helpful but cannot be made wholesale, and slavishly followed.

Every luncheon menu, no matter how simple, must be balanced. It must contain adequate amounts of each kind of food needed by the body. There must be contrast in texture, harmony in color; and repetition of distinctive flavors must be avoided. A simple rule to follow in planning the menu is to select an appetizer, an entree, a salad, bread in some form, a beverage and a dessert. To this may be added extra dishes to accompany the entree—relishes, candies, and nuts. The entire luncheon may be served hot or cold, depending upon the season, the weather, and the foods selected. Hot and chilled foods may also be mixed. If this is done, it is better to serve them in separate courses. It is important to serve dishes intended to be warm, piping hot, and the chilled ones very cold.

Luncheon appetizers are so versatile that a whole book could be written on them alone. Chilled and jellied bouillons, iced tomato juice and fruit juices, tart fruit salads, molded or frozen, and strawberries with the stems left on arranged around a mound of powdered sugar are attractive for spring luncheons.

All kinds of scalloped dishes make excellent entrees. Scalloped fish baked in individual shells garnished with lemon is a good spring dish. Then there are all kinds of creamed concoctions served in patty shells, timbale cases, and even on toast points.

Spring is the very nicest time of the year to make salads. The first onions, tomatoes, radishes, and cucumbers seem to taste the best. Let your salads be festive. Arrange them attractively, mold them, and garnish them gaily. Mint sprigs dampened with cold water and dipped in powdered sugar are delightful for fruit salads.

Breads of all kinds, shapes, and sizes are served with luncheons. Quick breads and dainty tea biscuits are favorites. Have you tried date muffins and orange biscuits?

Spring and summer call for chilled drinks. Long, cold, fruit punches in frosted glasses garnished with cherries and mint add to any menu. They should not be too sweet. Fruit flavors are delicate and are easily spoiled by too much sugar. Besides, a sweet drink ruins the appetite for other foods.

The dessert can be the climax of the meal. If you want to hear "Ohs" and "Ahs" from your guests, serve a lovely ice cream mold garnished with fresh fruits, or a Baked Alaska. But if you are all on a "slimming" diet, serve a dainty fruit ice. After all, we must remember that a luncheon is a light meal served between breakfast and dinner. We have a tendency to serve more and heavier foods than we should. When you serve at one o'clock, let it be lunch.

As to texture, liquid foods such as soups, beverages and sauces, along with chewy foods and crisp ones, make the menu more interesting and palatable.

A scheme of one or more harmonizing colors is more interesting than one color alone. Foods are more appetizing in their natural color. Occasionally a touch of violet, or blue, for example, may be added in the form of a decoration or a garnish to carry out some special theme. Coloring of foods is permissible but must be done with care, as over-coloring is unattractive and distasteful.

Garnishes are added for decoration, to give color to a dish and often to add flavor. All garnishes must be edible. Crab claws have no more place on the salad plate than paper flowers have on the ice cream. Garnishing can be very easily overdone. A simply garnished dish is generally much more attractive than one which is completely disguised with decorations.

Contrasting flavors are just as important as contrast in texture and harmony in color. How unpalatable a luncheon would be if every dish served was bland or if all had a sweet taste. Bland foods need salty or spicy accompaniments. Some foods need a tart sauce. One food or flavor should not appear twice on the menu, such as tomato soup and tomato salad, or onion in the meat and also in the salad, or lemon with fish and lemon pie.

IN planning your menu take into consideration the help you will have in preparation and serving; also your equipment for both cooking and serving. Then make a list of all utensils and supplies needed. If possible this should be done several days in advance to give time for ordering if certain foods may not be on the grocer's shelf. Make a working schedule and time chart, and pin them on the kitchen wall or put them some place where you can see them easily as you work. You will find such charts of great value in preparing dishes in their order so that all may be assembled at once and on time.

The simplest of menus can be made fit for a king by the way in which they are served. The table appointments and service should be perfect and in keeping with the type of luncheon. If formal, the table covering and dishes are more elaborate, and the food is all served from the kitchen. If the luncheon is one of those happy, informal kinds, the table may be covered with dainty colored linens, fewer dishes may be used, and part of the food may be served from the table by the hostess.

Have the table large enough to comfortably seat the guests. It is a good idea to place the chairs around the table first and then lay the covers to correspond. Allow at least twelve inches for each cover.

Beautiful linen is the pride and

Photo by courtesy of Z. C. M. I.

LUNCHEON SERVICE

joy of every hostess. The dignity and beauty of white linen damask make it appropriate for any table, and it forms an exquisite background for glistening silver, glassware, and china. Lace table covers and lace and linen combinations may also be used. They are more formal, however, than tinted damasks, hand-blocked linens, and fringed runners that are so colorful and attractive for informal use. Some of the most attractive luncheon sets today are made from pastel organdies with appliqued flowers and fruits. Napkins, of course, should match the cloth, and are smaller than the dinner napkin. Styles in table coverings change as all styles do, but a "thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Only silver and dishes which are to be used should be placed on the table. Unnecessary articles are confusing and do not add to the attractiveness of the table. All knives and spoons are placed on the right side of the plate; all forks and the napkin on the left—in the order in which they are to be used, the first used being on the outside. The water glass is placed at the tip of the knife, and the cup and saucer and side dish, if used, to the right. The bread and butter plate, which may be a combination salad and bread plate, is placed at the tip of the fork. If a separate salad plate is used, it is placed directly above the luncheon plate. Since the club plate has been so universally adopted most of the food may be served on the one plate, thus eliminating dishes and service.

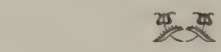
Table accessories include the centerpiece, place cards, salt and pepper shakers, relish dishes and any other form of decoration which may be

used. The centerpiece adds charm and color to the table and should be chosen to harmonize with the linen, dishes, and the foods. It may consist of flowers, fruits, a beautifully decorated cake or a lovely ornament. It should be arranged so that it does not inconvenience the guests or interfere with their view. Candles really have no place on a luncheon table unless the room is dark, and they must be used to give light.

Place cards afford a graceful means of seating guests. They may be of various forms from fresh flowers to paper. Unless they are of a favor type they belong to the hostess and are left on the table. They may be placed on the napkin, at the top of the cover or against the water glass. Any other decoration used should not interfere in any way with eating or serving.

The type of service most acceptable today is the left-hand service. All foods are served, removed and passed from the left, except the cup and saucer and water, which are served from the right.

"Happy is he who sits down to the luncheon provided for him with a mind free for social pleasure, secure in the skill and knowledge of his cook." Happier still is the hostess whose luncheon has been so delightful that her guests remember it and ask for her menu and recipes for their own use.



HEAVEN IS NEAR

To share the rising sun with you,
To feel the sunset's glow,
To see a rosebud open full,
Watch summer come and go;
To roam through autumn's golden lanes,
Or pause on wintry night
And know that spring will come again—
Then life seems good and right.

To ease a body wracked with pain,
To soothe an aching heart,
To lift a care-worn brother's load,
To do a neighbor's part,
To dry an orphan's trembling tear,
To cheer the sad, depressed,
To serve my God and fellowmen—
Then life is at its best.

To know the joy that working brings,
To walk with ease and grace,
To hear the song of birds at morn,
To look in your dear face,
To feel your hand firm clasped in mine,
To say, "I love you, dear."
Ah, life is full, and life is rich,
And heaven's very near.

—*Mabel Jones.*

Ghost Writer

By Wilford D. Lee

SITTING on a chair by the kitchen table Mary Warwick winced under Maizie McNulty's flying fingers. "I think a man like that," Maizie was saying, "is cheap."

"But Maizie! After all, Burton is my husband."

"Husband!" Maizie's voice sizzled with scorn. "I don't want to hurt you, but facts are facts. Today your husband and his lawyer were together in his office when my girl friend, who stenos for him, listened in. Believe it or not, but 'dear Burton' is trying to find a way to get rid of you. And you sitting here like a timid mouse!"

"Oh Maizie, he wouldn't do that!"

"Listen! A woman like you is the last person on earth to believe the truth. You think he's perfect! Well, I think he's . . . "

But Mrs. Warwick raised her hand in a quick gesture. When she arose from the chair, she was crying.

"There you go! Crying over a . . ."

"Oh Maizie, please don't . . . I know . . . I have probably . . . "

"Yes, you've been the door mat murmuring 'Welcome' to that ungrateful politician. . . . "

"Maizie . . . please!"

Maizie dropped into a chair. "Oh, Mary, don't be angry with me. I always have to burst out. . . "

Mrs. Warwick comforted her. "I know . . . I know . . . "

"But I've lived with you so long," the girl went on. "Coming here just out of school, and you taking me in and treating me like a daughter because you hadn't one of your own, and then . . . then . . . that . . ."

Mrs. Warwick walked to the window. "Divorce," she thought. It chilled her. "He is trying to get a divorce!" Parting the curtains, she looked out at the garden. It was true . . . it was true. That other woman, so sleek and sophisticated. . .

Mrs. Warwick was short, and much too plump for her height. Even with her glasses off, her face was round; but with the thick lenses in large gold frames before her eyes, she looked positively owlish. Her made-over frock had suffered dismally in the two processes through which it had passed. Her flat-heeled, comfortable shoes neatly finished off a perfect picture of dumpishness.

Taking up a long nail file, Maizie inquired, "Mary, how did you ever happen to marry him, anyway?"

"It . . . it was a peculiar thing," she half confessed. "Burton and I were in the same class in college. He was specializing in speech, and I . . . well, I was just going to school. He was such a masterful sort of a fellow, tall and handsome; and when his great voice boomed out over the crowd, it made little tingles just thrill down my spine. Yet I . . . I'm afraid that I have never loved him in the true sense of the word. I . . . I worshiped him!"

Maizie made a derogatory noise in her throat.

"I had no idea of ever marrying him. He often used to come and get me to help him with some of the more difficult passages in his speeches. He always had ideas and could memorize like lightning; but

he had difficulty in . . . well, you know . . . "

"I know. Positively, without you he would be a nit-wit, nothing but a big noise."

"Maizie!"

"And I'll bet you'd never been out with a fellow before in your life."

"Oh, I would hardly say that. . . . But of course, I didn't . . . go out much!"

"And then his sweetheart jilted him and he married you out of spite," Maizie snapped. "How cheap! Married a cook, a housekeeper and a ghost writer all in one! It's you who have made him a sure-fire candidate for the Senate. And right now, when a swanky woman would be a big asset to him, he's trying to . . ."

THE front door opened. Burton Warwick came in and leisurely divested himself of topcoat and hat. Tossing his great mass of hair back over his head, he strode into the room and rubbed his hands together before the fire. Half turning, as a great tragedian might turn upon the stage, he asked, "You have . . . a . . . finished looking over those last few words in my Rotary speech tonight, dear?"

His deep voice rumbled like the chords of a great organ; yet he did not sound affected. He did not sound hypocritical. When he spoke, there was a deep and pervading sincerity, heightened by a dignity that was convincing even to Maizie. Every movement of his body, every little trick of facial expression, even his slightest gesture, heightened the effect. One could not talk with him a moment without feeling the power of his personality.

Mrs. Warwick stood at hesitant attention before him. "I'm sorry, Burton," she confessed, "I have been so busy. . . . But I have only a page or two left. I will do those while you are eating your dinner."

With her swift, capable hands, she prepared the meal—chops, a salad, the dessert. He was sitting with a lawyer . . . divorce. . . . She had been a failure! Her heart throbbed painfully in her tight throat. Yet maybe the girl was mistaken. . . . Her husband had hardly finished the headlines of his front page when she stepped to his side and quietly announced that his meal was ready.

But immediately she escaped. She had always felt inferior; she always felt the impulse to grovel at his feet when he came into the room. She couldn't help it. She attributed it to the fact that she had been born in the country, and that she had never had much of anything before —lived in a bare little house, and scrimped eternally in order to get through. This gruelling hardship had done something to her. . . . Given her a poverty complex, Maizie said.

Before she sat down to her typewriter, she surveyed herself in the mirror. She did look a sight! Hair wet, with metal clamps all over it. She ran her hands down over her ribs to her hips and then to her thighs. Enormous rolls of flesh . . . and that string of a belt . . . a sack of bran tied in the middle!

She turned and seated herself quickly. Running her eyes over the last few sentences, she picked up the thread of his discourse. . . . "And

so this economic system must be changed. Although we do not wish to do away with capitalism, although we do not desire to embarrass those who have made these United States the greatest nation that has ever graced the earth, yet we do wish to set the stage for a greater civilization. But a greater civilization cannot be reared upon the foundation of an outworn economic system. 'Blessed is he who buildeth his house upon a rock. Though the winds come, and the rains descend, the house falleth not because it is builded upon a rock. . . .' " So he wants an attractive looking wife does he? What base ingratitude! He had used her wit and her logic for the last ten years, and now that success was near. . . She sat there with her fingers numb and cold upon the keys. A great lump of pain welled up within her. She gripped her hands together. Yet he was so big, so grand; she had admired him so much for the good that was in him. Suddenly she realized that ever since she had known him she had voluntarily shut her eyes to at least half of what he was. She knew that he was not at all well informed. He dared not answer questions after his talks, and he never gave anything but prepared speeches. He hid behind that impenetrable dignity. Yet always he dressed her own pregnant words with golden eloquence.

The opening of the door startled her. There he stood, silent. She had not finished his speech! She had been sitting there for half an hour, mooning out of the window. Her fingers flew to their task. While he was changing, she tapped out the final paragraphs, swinging them to a final close with three ringing sentences which would resound through the hall. She could always hear his vibrant voice as she wrote. Great, resounding words came to her fingers, words that fitted his organ-bass voice as perfectly as their profound meaning fitted his dignity.

THE next week was torment itself for Mary Warwick. Like one suddenly struck dizzy and unable to recover, she went about her work. Her husband, preoccupied with the swift-moving details of his campaign, observed nothing. Having the name of being a great liberal, he satisfied the masses of the people.

Meeting his wife in the hall after breakfast one morning, he instructed her concerning his next big address. It was to be at the laying of the corner stone of the new Federal building. It looked as if it had distinct possibilities. Mary would recognize them, of course. . . .

Mary did recognize them. All through the morning as she did her work, in the afternoon as she shopped, throughout the evening prowling through the book stacks at the library, she planned and thought. The great unemployment problem, its complex causes, its multiple ills, the responsibility of the government for the lives of such men. Work projects such as this Federal building was one answer.

Yet as she worked, something else was going on within her. Bitterness welled up in her soul; she could see it all now. Why had she been so wantonly blind! Bitterness ripened into a new cynicism which bit deeper because it was unexpressed.

On Monday Burton went on a

trip south, but he was back on Thursday in time to rest thoroughly before the banquet. Before five o'clock Mary came and laid his speech beside him on the end table. She hesitated as he fumbled through its crisp pages. "I would like to go tonight, Burton," she murmured.

"But my dear," he rumbled. "You don't understand. This is politics. Rough and tumble attack and counter attack which you wouldn't enjoy in the least. Stay here and rest yourself. Read a good book. It will be more to your liking."

The next morning the paper ran an excellent candid camera shot of her husband laughing behind his hand into the ear of a bejewelled and aristocratic woman. Mrs. Warwick recognized her as the woman who had been included in the hunting party which Burton had joined on his trip south. She caught her breath.

Why not slip out of it all and return to her old home? At home she never felt the necessity of groveling before anyone. It would be quite easy. There was a time when Burton needed her to prepare his meals for him, but now he ate at hotels most of the time.

But the thought of separation caught her and tore at her heart strings. What would she do to satisfy her longing to create? She loved to write. She had never been able to express herself in society. She could punish him by not writing his speeches, but that would punish her more. How she loved to hear her ideas, as they fell from the lips of her husband, become the ringing clarion calls for freedom and equality!

How could she leave all this? She paced the floor in the agony of her indecision. She looked up as the door flew open, and Maizie breezed in.

"Hello, Mary, I've got us a couple of hot tamales for our supper. Hope 'His Eloquency' isn't at home tonight. Say . . . " she stopped to look at Mrs. Warwick more closely, "what ails you?"

"Oh, Maizie, I'm so distracted! I don't know what to do. I've just about decided to slip away and go home. That would give him a good excuse for divorcing me; then he could marry the other woman. . . . "

Maizie turned upon her with withering scorn. "You jellyfish! Come on and eat a tamale with me, and you will be a changed woman."

Changed woman! The thought struck Mary with particular force. Suddenly something inside of her clicked, and she saw things in a new light. She had no end of courage when she was writing, but in just about everything else she was a jellyfish. Here she sat never making any effort to better herself . . . never making any effort to make herself acceptable. No wonder he didn't want her! She wasn't beautiful, she wasn't clever, she wasn't useful. . . .

"Maizie," she murmured, trying to keep her voice calm in the excitement of the new thought, "would you help me do something?"

Maizie looked up from her plate. "What is it? A burglary?"

Mary stammered. "It isn't, but it's almost as bad. I'm going to be a *changed woman!*"

"A-Ah! I told you. It's the tamales! What . . . "

"I'm going to dress up! I'm going

to get me some cloth . . . some new cloth. . . . "

Maizie's face fell.. "Oh now listen, Mary. You know how you are as a dressmaker."

The new light died in her eyes. "Yes, you are right," Mary agreed. "Yet . . . maybe I can get something almost as cheap ready made. . . . "

Maizie yawned behind her hand. "Did I hear you say that you were going to be a changed woman?" she asked languidly.

"Yes! I'm going to dress up . . . get clothes that will make me look . . . you know . . . but I'll have to scrimp. . . . "

Maizie nodded. "Scrimp? Did you ever do anything else?"

"Well, Burton can't afford . . . "

Maizie sniffed scornfully. "Say, do you know how much money you have earned that man in the last ten years? Everybody but you knows that his bank account runs into six figures. And you talk of scrimping!"

"Not honestly!" Her eyes were big behind her glasses.

"Now listen, if you really want to be a changed woman, put yourself in my care!"

WHAT Maizie did to Mary Warwick was, as she put it, nobody's business. Golden afternoons were spent in exclusive salons. Hours of walking to and fro to get used to high heels and flowing skirts. Minute instructions on how to sit and stand, and move. Like one possessed, the amazing Maizie pled, threatened, coaxed and demanded, until Mary talked and walked with confidence, like a lady.

All this was with Mary's consent. But Maizie did more. She dropped a hint to a fellow worker who whispered it into the ear of a client; the client, a sales lady, passed it on to the bookkeeper, who was a special friend of the boss' secretary. The secretary mentioned it in an off-hand way to the boss who hurried to the man he was supporting for the United States Senate, and who was hard put to keep up his end of the race with the eloquent Burton Warwick.

The next morning Maizie dropped a hint to Mary. "If you have a caller of consequence today, treat him well." And she went off to work.

That morning at ten, Burton's opponent called. Mary donned a simple but becoming morning frock and stepped into the living room. Her hair, done high up on her head, made her look taller. Her new octagon rimless glasses helped to remove the owlishness. She greeted her caller confidently.

The candidate squirmed a bit and beat about the bush, but finally came flat out and said it. "Look here, Mrs. Warwick, word has come to me that you're the one who writes Burton's speeches. If that's true, you're a crackerjack. Now, to be right plain, how much would you take to come over into our camp?"

For a moment Mary's head swam. Treason . . . bribery. . . . The whole proposition leaped into her mind full formed. She almost burst with a fierce denunciation; but something back in her head warned her. Maizie's words that morning. . . . "If you have a caller of consequence. . ."

The opposing candidate squirmed forward, taking this silence for tacit approval. "I'm backed by some of

the biggest industries in the state," he told her confidentially. "We have a little money set aside for the people who might help us organize our thoughts." He tried to read the effect of his words in her face.

A half hour later he left the house and bounded into his car. A sly grin showed in the rear view mirror as he jerked the machine into high.

TWO days later Burton Warwick returned from his swing into the northern part of the state. Weary and travel stained, he came into the living room, but Mary was not there to greet him. He glanced about, irritated. Losing his dignity, for the moment, he turned and shouted, "Mary!" He threw open the doors, finally arriving at her room. She was standing before her mirror, tastefully attired in an afternoon gown, and was just adding a final touch of lipstick to her now thoroughly approachable mouth.

"Hello, Burt," she tossed at him indifferently. "Have a good trip?"

He stood and looked at her dumbfounded.

"I'm off to a reception," she explained. "A women's club wants me to discuss some problems of the campaign." This was a fib. She glanced slyly sidewise to see just how it landed.

"Women's clubs!" he cried, seeking excuse for an explosion. "Of all the insane things! Women's clubs!"

"But you find them very useful, don't you? Women's votes count just as much as men's!"

"Yes, but . . . but . . . "

"Just sit down a moment, dear." (She had rehearsed this jab for days. It hurt her worse than it did him.)

"You are quite inarticulate. I will write you out an ironical diatribe against women's clubs. You can memorize it while I put on my gloves."

"Mary! What is all this? What do you mean? You . . . "

She swept past him. A taxi at the door swished her away to her meeting.

At ten-thirty that night she returned. Burton Warwick, his great mane hanging over his ears, leaped toward the door to meet her. "Great guns, where have you been? Out all afternoon! No supper! No newspaper! Where's my speech?"

It took all of her nerve, but she had steeled herself for it. Her knees quaked under her.

She slowly stripped off her gloves until she knew that her voice would be steady.

"Your speech? Really, Burt, I've been too busy this week to write it. Senator Jackson came over the first of the week and wanted me to help him with some of his speeches. It's been quite a job."

He turned white. "Senator Jackson! You . . . you don't mean that . . . "

"I needed a little pocket money. You see the allowance which you give me is so atrociously inadequate." . . . "

He leveled a terrible glance at her. "Traitor!" he cried.

She arched her eyebrows. "Traitor? Me? Oh I don't know. I found Senator Jackson to be a really charming man. Besides . . . " her voice quivered . . . she was almost in tears. . . . "I thought you were about through with me."

The shot struck hard. The accus-

ing light died in his eyes. Gradually he turned away. Casting a sly glance at her as he slumped into his big chair he asked suavely, "Through with you? Why, I don't understand."

She turned away from him, shutting her eyes for a few moments to fight back the tears. The line that she had rehearsed so diligently came to her mind, but it was almost impossible for her to say it. "My . . . my lawyer," she faltered, "tells me that you have absolutely no grounds for a divorce. But I thought . . ." her eyes swam in tears, ". . . I thought that I might go out and give you cause." She disappeared silently while he sat startled.

The next day at the corner stone rites Burton Warwick halted through an erratic speech, while his opponent, the clever Senator Jackson, sat back in a distant part of the audience and chuckled.

The following day, before a convention of the State Manufacturers Association, the Senator spoke as he had never spoken before. His witticisms were more refined, and they cut deeper, exposing deficiencies in Warwick's character which none knew except Mary. Eminently pleased with himself, the Senator reeled off his prepared speech, winding up with such a powerful scorching for those who meddled with the status quo, that the convention simply went wild. When he was through, he stepped into a near by room in the hotel to squeeze the small gloved hand of a certain person who had "revised" his speech for him.

"Little girl," he declared, "it was great! Did you hear the hand I got? And it's all because of you! Now, the next will be the Wool Growers' Convention. That's where I want to tell them something about this agricultural program and where it's going to take them."

IT was just the week before election. Burton Warwick came into the house, his shoulders sloping with fatigue. For the last three weeks he had been fighting a losing battle —alone. Somehow he had lost his grip upon the people. In two short weeks he had dropped from the two-to-one shot for the senatorial election, to a poor runner-up. During that two weeks he had done some extremely incisive thinking. Never before had he ever considered his own worth as compared with that of someone else. He had always taken it for granted that he was supremely valuable, and that other people were useful only in relationship to his own advancement.

Jaded and forlorn, he dragged himself into his own living room, now cheerless and cold at eleven o'clock. He must be prepared for the rally tomorrow night, and he hadn't begun his speech. He had no heart for it. He knew dimly what he wanted to say, but the effort that it took to marshal the material, to dig out the facts and figures, to verify them and recheck them for their accuracy appalled him.

Dear Mary . . . he was beginning to appreciate her genius. What a chump he had been. It had all come too easy for him. For the last two weeks he had felt so sorry for himself that he could have cried. But suddenly, tonight, he felt relieved because he didn't feel sorry

for himself any longer. "You big chump," he murmured half aloud.

At about twelve-thirty Mary came in, wrapped to her chin in becoming fur. She was about to pass on to her own room without a word when Burton called to her.

"Come and sit here with me awhile," he requested. His voice was lean and thin. When she looked at him she was shocked. He looked old and whipped.

"Burton, you are ill," she murmured sympathetically.

He nodded. "But not in body." He sat there, his great head down between his shoulders, his cheeks sagged, and his eyes sunk deep in their sockets. For sometime they sat thus. At last he aroused himself.

"Mary," he said, "I've been a perfect numbskull. But something has happened to me these last two weeks. I have learned what it is to be beaten. Never before . . . " He shook his head with a pathetically wry smile. "It isn't good to succeed too easily."

She lay back in her chair and watched him. He didn't glance up, merely spoke on, his voice hardly above a whisper.

"I'm afraid that I'm going to lose this election. Deserve it, too, I suppose. It's a hard pill, but I'm almost glad that you left me to work out my own campaign."

Her face was pulled into a tight little knot.

After awhile he said, "I have instructed my lawyer to drop the suit for divorce. I know that you will be terrifically busy until after election; but when it is over, I wonder. . . I wonder if we couldn't start all over again. I would like to take a little trip . . . to California for the winter. Would you . . . would you like to come with me?"

Mary slipped out of the big chair, and forgetting that this was the great Burton Warwick, she curled up on his lap, and putting her arms about him cried on his shoulder.

The next morning, as he ate his sausage and eggs, he found beside his plate a neatly typewritten script of his speech for the rally that night.

"LOVE never looks for faults, and whenever it discovers them in others it throws over them the mantle of charity and performs the two-fold miracle of making itself more beautiful and the one in whom the fault is found more happy."—*Edward H. Emmett.*

"DON'T be a fault-finding grouch; when you feel like finding fault with somebody or something stop for a moment and think; there is very apt to be something wrong within yourself. Don't permit yourself to show temper, and always remember that when you are right you can afford to keep your temper, and when you are in the wrong you cannot afford to lose it."—*J. J. Reynolds.*

The Women's Field Army for Control of Cancer

By Mrs. J. L. Gibson

THE National Women's Field Army for the Control of Cancer was organized in 1936 under the slogan "Cancer is Curable. Fight it with Knowledge". Each state has a Commander with local units in counties and cities. The Army conducts an intensive educational campaign which reaches a climax in April of each year. That month has been set aside by Congress as "Cancer Control Month".

Through meetings, forums, newspapers, magazines, radio, posters and all other means at its disposal, the Army seeks through education to teach people that cancer in its early stages is curable; to replace fear with facts and superstition with sound information.

This is a woman's war for two reasons: Tradition has made it her duty to care for the health of the family and also, because of the large number of cancers of the breast and the uterus, more women than men die from cancer.

The Utah division of this Army was organized a little more than two years ago. All women's organizations were invited to participate. We were told that we must do nothing without the advice and the approval of the State Medical Association. Their members have cooperated in every way. They have given generously of their time to attend committee meetings, to speak before various organizations and over the radio, and to diagnose and treat indigent patients. We have also had wonderful cooperation from the press and the radio.

As our slogan implies, we are primarily an educational organization, but we must also be self-supporting. With the assistance of members of the L. D. S. Relief Society, the Parent-Teacher Associations and women's clubs, 400,000 pieces of literature have been distributed in Utah in the past two years. One or more of these organizations has representatives in every corner of our state. Through our literature we urge people to consult their physicians immediately about any persistent lump or thickening, especially about the breast; any irregular bleeding or discharge from any of the body openings; any sore that does not heal, particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips; persistent indigestion, especially when accompanied by a distaste for meat; sudden changes in the form or rate of growth of a mole or wart; that pain is a late symptom and not to wait for it; that most early cancers are curable if treated by a qualified physician, by using X-ray, radium or surgery; that it is very important to visit a physician for an annual physical examination.

In "Civilization Against Cancer" by Dr. C. C. Little, I found what he calls a few simple rules concerning the prevention of cancer. He

says: "Form and maintain habits of mouth hygiene, wash the mouth, clean the teeth and gums. Remove or correct jagged teeth. Correct all artificial dentures that press, rub or chafe. If smoking irritates your lip or tongue, stop it. * * *

"Discuss with your doctor the advisability of removing warts or moles, especially deeply pigmented ones and those that are rubbed or irritated by clothing or during shaving.

"Keep the skin clean and protected from undue or excessively prolonged exposure to sun and wind.

"Do not abuse your stomach. Avoid extremely hot food, overeating, or any type of food or drink that causes distress.

"Establish and maintain regular habits of emptying the bowels; avoid constipation.

"Avoid tight clothing which rubs or chafes, especially brassiers which do these things.

"If a woman has borne children, she should check with her gynecologist to be sure that any tears or injuries to the womb have been repaired. * * *

"Drink plenty of water to avoid the unnecessary irritating effects of too concentrated urine on both the kidneys and bladder."

Members of the medical profession are reporting that more and more people are coming for physical examinations. Dr. Ogilvie, director of the Wasatch Laboratories, tells us that until recently most of the cancer cases referred to them for biopsies were in such an advanced state that they could not be treated successfully, but that now they are coming early enough that he thinks fifty per cent of them can be cured.

After two years' experience in trying to give a message of hope to cancer victims we learn that it is not enough to simply tell the patient that early cancer is curable. In many instances some kind of financial aid must also be furnished. Many of our best citizens go through life caring for themselves and very often lending a helping hand to a less fortunate neighbor, but when cancer strikes they are in no position to meet such an emergency.

As I said earlier, we must be self-supporting and for this purpose conduct a membership drive each April. The money we received in 1937 paid our expenses for 1938. We propose to use that collected in 1938 ($945) as follows:

Literature	$400
Commander and vice-commander expenses	150
Nine district captains' expenses	90
Thirty county lieutenants' expenses	150
Part-time secretary	120
Miscellaneous	35

This year we hope to interest more people and collect, in addition to the amount needed for necessary expenses, enough money to start a loan fund so that when we receive an appeal for help from someone, important days may not have to be wasted while we contact county commissioners or welfare boards.

Ours is a work that should challenge the interest, the imagination and the enthusiasm of all public spirited men and women.

Spring Tonics

By Dorothy Nell Mair

ONCE again springtime arrives in the Rockies. Mystifying changes occur daily in our mountains. Majestic peaks and rocky ledges, rounded out by deep drifts of winter snow, become sharply pointed and more craggy. As deep ravines and crevices are revealed, shadows shift and change in hue to weave fantastic patterns on canyon walls. Skies become more blue; clouds become whiter. Creeks and rivers swell and race in tumbling foam to the irrigation canals in the valleys. The hillsides are green and beckon to outdoor campers; the fishing is good in the streams. Each day winter's curtain is lifted a bit higher as Nature entices us in subtle ways to take our regular dose of spring tonic, for she knows the only cure for the drowsiness and the inertia we call spring fever.

Spring fever is the weariness that follows the indoor confinement imposed upon us by cold weather. It is the tiredness that comes from too much social activity and too much work as well. We do need a spring tonic, a pick-me-up, to restore our ambitions. Certainly, no objections are raised against the kind Nature proffers, but being slaves to commercial interests we postpone the taking. However, Nature, also being a wise mother, directs us to her liking. Come the warm days when we sit at our desks and yawn, and that mid-afternoon drowsiness which tortures us. The sound of nesting birds calling one to another outside, and the fragrance of fruit blossoms in the breeze that stirs the papers we are trying to peruse—all are weapons against which we have no defense. Our thoughts stray from operating costs and budgets to camping equipment, to shady places among tall trees, to twisting trails, to crystal lakes. We give up, pack the car, don hiking togs and hie away to the playgrounds where exist the best spring tonics worth taking.

AH, but spring tonics have not always been so easy to take. A few of our old-timers, who were school kids back in the early 1870's will recall the old sage tea remedy—with a shudder, too. In some of our Utah towns (and one in particular) during those colonization days, the beginning of spring signified the time of year when one's blood needed "purifying". The teacher of the little village school that snuggled on the foothills of the mountains did not trust to the pupils in her charge getting this "purifying" at home. She had ideas of her own about that, together with unlimited faith in the preventive and curative qualities of sage tea.

Through the sagebrush scouted this dynamic force—the teacher who felt so responsible for the community's health—with a basket on her arm. She gathered the leaves from the brush, returned to the village and searched further for a brewing pot. For want of a better vessel, she appropriated a five-gallon oil can, scoured it, and brewed the sage tea on the school house heating stove.

As long as the sage tea held out, it was part of the morning ritual for each child to drink a tin cupful before taking his place in the school room. And so it was done with daily wails and sullen smirks and inventive schemes to be absent. If you have at any time tasted the bitterness of this brew, you know what those poor children were in for. The teacher certainly had the welfare of the community at heart, if her methods were not quite sanitary. She owned but one tin cup, and each child took his turn drinking his dose from it, and some of them had to be held by the ears.

Gone are those old sage-tea days, but sagebrush still is part of our spring tonic. Growing in the lowlands and on rolling hills, it affords good rabbit nesting, and where there are rabbits there are hunting and long hikes. It perfumes the air after a warm spring rain. The dry bark and trunks provide wood for our camp fires. It shields the pheasant, the grouse and the quail. Yes, it is still part of the formula.

Unlike the teacher in the little rock school house, Nature cannot take us physically by the ears and compel us to drink our spring tonic from a tin cup. But she does know when we need the solitude that brings comfort and rest to tired bodies and weary minds. With a subtle finesse she bids us lay aside our money-making and "look up unto the mountains, for the mountains bring peace".

APRIL

By Mildred B. Hall

Warm sun slanting down the sky,
Fleecy clouds a-drifting;
Scent of blossoms floating by,
Song of bird a-lifting.

Tulips, yellow, pink and red,
Lettuce seed a-bursting;
New hat on a saucy head,
Youth for love a-thirsting.

HAPPENINGS

By Annie Wells Cannon

APRIL—Nothing makes so deep a wound as "Unkindness where there is no remedy at law".

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT because of her high sense of justice has withdrawn her membership from a popular patriotic society. One wonders if she knew when she became a member of this same patriotic organization that it carried a resolution barring members because of religious affiliations.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, grandniece of the great suffrage leader, is crusading for suffrage in the District of Columbia.

PRINCESS FRAWZIA of Egypt met her bridegroom for the first time when he came to claim her and take her back to his Persian throne.

OSA JOHNSON, who knows Africa perhaps better than any other living person, declares the plan considered in London of moving Germany's harassed Jews to that country most fantastic.

HORTENSE B. ODLUM, president of Bonwit-Teller, says, "The greatest asset of the business woman is feminine charm and feminine clothes." She evidently would admire the prevailing styles of "Up-Do" hair with all its shining ornaments.

JANE GILES and Rachel Rader, Iowa's oldest twins, age 94, are both recovering from recent falls, having sustained cut hands and broken shoulder blades. Age seems no bar to endurance and fortitude. Hannah O'Connor of Ireland, 111, and Mary Adleman of Poland, 109, who recently died, were both mothers of large families.

KATHRYN LEWIS, distinguished and helpful delegate to the recent Pan-American Peace conference at Lima, Peru, is the daughter and efficient secretary of the great labor leader John L. Lewis.

PHYLLIS BENTLY. British novelist, expresses admiration for American women—particularly their ability to combine efficiently domestic and public affairs.

MRS. DWIGHT DAVIS and associates of Washington, D. C., in their efforts to awaken art-consciousness at the National Capital, gave a preview of modern pictures one Sunday afternoon. Fashionable Washington dressed in glamorous gowns, silver fox furs and orchids, making the air redolent of tropical climes, came. The pictures were outshone; they only formed a background for life in action with art looking on.

EDNA FERBER'S autobiography "A Peculiar Treasure" is perhaps the most publicized of the new books. The life story of a Jewess, so colorful and successful as Edna Ferber, is particularly apropos at this time.

GEORGETTE HEYER'S "Royal Escape," an historic romance of Charles II, and Sylvia Townsend's "After the Death of Don Juan" are among the late books by women.

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JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Vol. XXVI APRIL, 1939 No. 4

EDITORIAL

A Record Shall Be Kept

MISTAKES are repeated and repeated not only in the lives of men but in the history of nations. A thoughtful study of the past is potent in enabling the race to avoid mistakes and thus go better forward. If we had to learn everything through our own experience, our lives would be spent mastering the primary principles of living. But through acquaintance with the experiences of others, through heeding the advice and following the instructions, our horizons broaden, mistakes are avoided, and we acquire skill in the art of living. Books are the reservoir for the experiences of men and nations. The wise person searches them for understanding and as a guide in the conduct of his own life.

The Lord has always recognized the necessity of truths being preserved for the guidance of his people and has instructed his people to record their acts whether they be good or evil. Adam was taught to write through inspiration that his counsel and his prophecies might be handed down for the benefit of generations yet unborn. We are told that his children preserved these records and added to them, and thus were the acts of men recorded from the first. When the records were lost or destroyed, God restored them through inspiration and revelation to such men as Moses. When Lehi left Jerusalem, the Lord deemed the history of their fathers of such importance to them that Laban's life was sacrificed lest a "nation should dwindle and perish in unbelief".

A vivid illustration of the value of a recorded history to a nation is contained in the *Book of Mormon*. Contrast the people of Lehi with the people of Mulek who, fleeing for their lives, escaped to a new land with no records and under the stress of caring for their immediate bodily safety began a new nation

without recording its experiences. Nearly 400 years later these two nations met. The record-keeping nation, led by King Mosiah, though few in number compared with the Mulekite nation, was culturally advanced and became the leader of the combined nations; and the Mulekites were brought back from an extremely low state of civilization to one of advancement and culture. The *Book of Mormon*, representing as it does a thousand consecutive years of recorded history of one people, shows to a remarkable degree the fact that those people who keep records, study them, and give heed to their lessons are a great and righteous people. But when people either fail to record their acts or when they disregard the experiences of the past and depend upon their own wisdom, they repeat the mistakes of the past and degenerate in direct ratio to their disregard.

The Lord has placed upon us a responsibility to keep records for the benefit of those who come after. "Behold there shall be a record kept among you." (Doc. & Cov. 21:1.) He has wisely preserved ancient records for our use and profit, that our horizons may be broad, that we may avoid mistakes, that we may live effectively. He has commanded us to study these records ". . . study my word which hath gone forth among the children of men, and also study my word which shall come forth among the children of men, or that which is now translating, yea, until you have obtained all which I shall grant unto the children of men in this generation, and then shall all things be added thereto." (Doc. & Cov. 11:22.)

Recorded life experiences of men and nations, carefully studied and intelligently applied in the solution of our own problems enables us to go beyond a mastery of the primary principles of living to a mastery of the complicated technique of abundant living.

Arbor Day

ARBOR DAY is celebrated throughout the United States and its possessions by the planting of trees. The word *arbor* comes from the Latin and means tree. It was originated in 1872 at the suggestion of Julius Sterling Morton of Nebraska, an American Journalist and Secretary of Agriculture. Nebraska was called "the treeless state," and it was for the purpose of stimulating tree planting that the State Board of Agriculture designated April 10 as an annual state Arbor Day. The example was emulated by other states until it is now nation wide in its observance.

Henry Van Dyke says:

"He that planteth a tree is the servant of God;
He provideth a kindness for many generations,
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him."

Arbor Day has come to mean more than tree planting. Shrubbery, plants and seeds of many kinds are planted. It has become a general clean-up and fix-up day. Many persons who might otherwise fail to beautify their surroundings become active in making them sightly through the stimulation of an annual Arbor Day.

Items OF INTEREST

Our Cover

WE are happy this month to publish on our cover excerpts from the 89th Section of the Doctrine and Covenants, "The Word of Wisdom." We have done this in the hope that those who have never read, or those who have not read for some time, the word of the Lord in this matter, might be brought to a consciousness of His Wisdom which He gave to us through the Prophet Joseph Smith, February 27, 1833, at Kirtland, Ohio. We are sorry that the space on our cover would not lend itself to use the complete revelation. We have left out some parts of the revelation which may in your opinion be more important than some we have included. In any case, we suggest that you read the 89th Section completely and read again "The Prophets Speak," found on pages 215 and 216 of this magazine.

Pan American Day, April 14th

"The President of the United States, by proclamation, has fixed April 14th of each year as Pan American Day, and the people of the country are called upon 'To observe the day with appropriate ceremonies, thereby giving expression to the spirit of continental solidarity and to the sentiments of cordiality and friendly feeling which the government and people of the United States entertain toward the peoples and governments of the other republics of the American continent.'

"The day of the Americas, commemorates each year the bonds of friendship uniting the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere. It symbolizes that spirit of mutual helpfulness and cooperation which is the essence of Pan Americanism.

"The Day affords an excellent opportunity to direct attention to the achievements of each Republic and the united action of all in promoting peace, commerce and friendship in the Western Hemisphere."

Material for the use of groups and individuals planning to present programs may be secured without cost by addressing the Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.

Pageant Notice

FREQUENTLY requests come to the office from Societies throughout the Church for plays and pageants. The committee of the General Board having this matter in charge meet the demands wherever possible, but they feel that encouragement should be given to local people to prepare these things for themselves. In your own wards and stakes there are conditions, incidents and historical data which could well be dramatized most effectively. The committee therefore suggests that an effort be made in each community to encourage people of talent to prepare such things of this type as might prove useful for presentation and valuable in the development of embryonic talents.—*R. C. I.*

A Prayer From Our First Editor
Lula Greene Richards

JUNE 1, 1872, in a room in the house of Lorenzo D. Young, in the Eighteenth Ward, a 23-year-old girl with dark curls and florid cheeks assumed editorial responsibility of the only woman's paper between Boston and the Pacific Coast—*The Woman's Exponent*. Though she left her editorial position in 1877, her interest in the Relief Society periodicals has been maintained throughout the years, and many rich contributions from the pen of Lula Greene Richards are to be found in the columns of the *Exponent* and its successor *The Relief Society Magazine*. April 29, 1939, Sister Richards will reach the ninetieth milestone in life's journey.

We are proud to include her latest composition, written for the New Year, 1939, in the April issue of the Magazine—her birthday month.

A Prayer

(Written by request of Mrs. Alberta B. Ferris, visiting at Mesa, Arizona. For New Year, 1939.)

Dear Sister:

You ask me to write you a prayer.
I pause, but would grant the request.
And now, first I pray that our thoughts may unite,
And we two be mutually blest.

Our Father in Heaven: Accept of our praise
And thanks for Thy merciful care;
For guidance and faith and the sacred permit
To approach Thee at all times in prayer.
We pray for the just who would uproot all sin,
All Truth and Intelligence plant.
We ask richest gifts for Thy Prophet and Seer,
Our President, Heber J. Grant.
His Counselors also, First, J. Reuben Clark,
Second Counselor, D. O. McKay.
And for all those who aid Thy great Latter-day work,
We humbly and earnestly pray.
These "last days are shortened"—the time is too brief
For lengthy, unguarded appeals.
May our words be well chosen and pleasing to Thee,
As the sure Holy Spirit reveals.
Bless the Missions extending all over the earth,
All the world be enlightened—and then—
All the worthy be called to Thy glorious Feast.
In the dear name of Jesus, Amen.

All In A Day

A PLAY IN ONE ACT, AND TWO SCENES

By Rosannah C. Irvine

RUTH ARMSTRONG, *a discontented young wife.*

HARVEY ARMSTRONG, *her husband, a struggling young lawyer.*

SISTER PORTER, *a wise old lady and Relief Society visiting teacher.*

SISTER BALDWIN, *a pleasant, middle-aged woman, also a visiting teacher.*

SISTER ARMSTRONG, *an understanding mother-in-law.*

(The names of the characters in this play are chosen at random. If they belong to real people, it is merely a coincidence.)

SCENE I

The curtain rises on the living room which also serves as a dining room in the home of HARVEY *and* RUTH ARMSTRONG. *It is breakfast time. A small table is set for two. The room is comfortably furnished but disorderly. Papers, books, and clothing, left out of place the night before, are scattered about. Many of the things in the room are evidently wedding presents, indicating that the Armstrongs are newlyweds.* HARVEY *is seated at the table sipping a glass of tomato juice and reading the newspaper. He is dressed for the office. He becomes impatient and shows it.*

HARVEY: (*calling*) Ruth, I'm waiting, and I'm in a hurry.

RUTH: (*from kitchen sharply*) I'm hurrying as fast as I can.

(*Several moments elapse before* RUTH *makes her appearance.* HARVEY *fidgets, rattles his paper, and shows signs of irritation before she finally comes in. When she enters she has a plate of toast in one hand and a small platter of ham and eggs in the other. She puts them on the table in front of her husband and goes into the kitchen again, returning almost immediately with two glasses of milk, putting one at each place.* RUTH *is dressed carelessly in a pretty kimono or lounging robe, utterly impractical for housework. She has on a pair of fancy bedroom slippers. Her hair is in curlers, covered by a net.* RUTH *is very young, pretty and sweet, but she has a fretful frown on her face and a sharp tinge to her voice.*)

RUTH: (*seating herself*) You forgot to take out the garbage again last night.

HARVEY: Is it garbage day again? I took it out about yesterday.

RUTH: No, you didn't. Tuesday's garbage day—every Tuesday.

HARVEY: I can't ever seem to remember. But I know that like rent day it comes around oftener than any other day. Did you take it out?

RUTH: (*indignantly*) I did not! What do you think I am?

HARVEY: Well, you're the "filler upper."

RUTH: Well, I'm not going to be the "carrier outer" at any rate.

HARVEY: (*eating and trying to avoid a quarrel*) All right, darling, I'll try to remember next time.

RUTH: Aren't you going to ask a blessing?

HARVEY: I asked it before you came in. I prayed long and earnestly that I might have a breakfast and not a burnt offering.

RUTH: (*angrily and on the verge of tears*) I told you before we were married that I didn't know how to cook. You said you didn't care; you wanted me just as I was. You ought to have married one of the Harper girls if you wanted a cook.

HARVEY: Oh, skip it, honey. I was only joking. I didn't want a cook. I wanted a companion. I wanted you.

RUTH: If that's your idea of a joke, it's certainly a poor one. And I'm getting tired of hearing about my poor cooking.

HARVEY: Well, seriously now, hon, I'm asking in all love and kindness, why don't you learn to cook? Anyone with your brains can learn anything.

RUTH: Yes, if you like it well enough. But I hate cooking and housework. By the way, I had a call yesterday from Mr. Smith. He says I can have my old position back again if I want it. I'd love to take it, Harvey.

HARVEY: Nothing doing. I want a companion for a wife, not a stenographer.

RUTH: Well, I'm not a good cook and not a good housekeeper, but I am an "A-1" stenographer. I could hire a girl to do the work and have a good share of my salary left.

HARVEY: (*firmly*) Nothing doing, I said! You gave up that job to be a wife. A wife's place is in the home. No woman can be a good business woman and a satisfactory home maker at the same time. When a woman marries, that's her job! Before we were married you said that you'd love keeping our little home, and you didn't ever want any more office work. You change your mind rather frequently.

RUTH: Well, it's the only thing under the sun, moon, and stars that I can change. I ought to have that privilege.

HARVEY: (*sotto voce*) You might try changing your disposition. (*He finishes his breakfast, folds his napkin, and gets up from the table. He takes his hat and stands hesitating.* RUTH *glumly sips her milk and nibbles toast as if unconscious of his presence.*)

HARVEY: Come on, honey. Can't you give a fellow a goodby kiss? (RUTH *grudgingly turns her cheek to him. He kisses her lightly.*) Goodby, darling. And forget about a job. You have a full-time one right here looking after me. (RUTH *remains cross and unfriendly.* HARVEY *feels her antagonism. He pats her shoulder gently.*)

HARVEY: Cheer up, sweetness. Times are going to brighten up. I'm not always going to be a poor, struggling lawyer. We'll soon be through the starvation period. It won't be long before you can have all the money you want to spend without worrying about having to earn it yourself. (RUTH *remains unresponsive.* HARVEY *hesitates a moment, then with a sigh he puts his hat jauntily on his head.*) Well, be grouchy if it makes you happy; but you certainly make yourself about the most childishly

disagreeable person I've ever seen. I don't see what you have to be cross about. You surely don't get any kick out of it yourself, and it is anything but pleasant for other people. And just remember this, young lady, as a partner you're nothing to write home about.

(RUTH *remains silent. After waiting a moment,* HARVEY *goes out slamming the door.* RUTH *attempts to eat but chokes over every bite. She is weeping softly in self-pity. Before she has finished, there is a knock at the door. She goes to the door and opens it.* SISTER PORTER *and* SISTER BALDWIN *enter. They are smiling and friendly.* RUTH *is none too cordial.*)

RUTH: Oh, how are you, Sister Porter? How do you do, Sister Baldwin? (*She shakes hands with them.*) Won't you sit down? (*The visitors sit near together.* RUTH *sits a little way from them.*) You see I haven't done my morning work yet (*with a deprecatory gesture around the untidy room*).

SISTER PORTER: (*apologetically*) We shouldn't have called so early, my dear, but we are very late with our visiting this month. I was too lame last week to get around, and Sister Baldwin was out of town. You'll excuse this early morning call, won't you?

SISTER BALDWIN: As Relief Society visiting teachers we have an especially interesting and timely message today—

RUTH: (*Interrupting*) Oh, yes, I know all about your topic. I heard Mother Armstrong talking about it to her partner.

SISTER PORTER: (*kindly*) Then we do not need to discuss it with you, of course.

RUTH: (*shortly*) No, I know it off by heart.

SISTER BALDWIN: That's a very good idea. It's a wonderful thing to have in your heart and think about every day. We especially want to invite you to our meeting this afternoon. We are having a particularly good program today. We are inviting all our young women to join our Organization. We want to enroll every woman young and old who is not actively engaged in some other organization. "Every Latter-day Saint woman a member, and every member active," is our aim. We are working to have 100,000 members by 1942.

RUTH: (*indifferently*) Yes, my mother has told me all about it. But I haven't time to go to Relief Society.

SISTER BALDWIN: It won't be a very long meeting today, and I'm sure you would find it interesting.

RUTH: (*firmly*) I can't go today. I told my mother I couldn't.

SISTER PORTER: (*mildly*) Well, my dear, the old women in the Society, like myself, are rapidly passing away. We need the young, active girls to carry on in our place. You young ones are as necessary to the success of the work as we older ones are. You know the old Greek adage, "Old men for counsel and young men for war".

RUTH: Well, I don't think that you need me yet awhile when there are women like you two, and mother Armstrong and my own mother. I'm really not interested in Relief Society. I'm not going to join till I'm an old woman,

maybe about thirty-five or forty years old. (*Her visitors exchange amused glances. Even* SISTER BALDWIN *is past forty, and still considers herself a young woman.*) But I want to make a donation for your charity fund. (*She gets her purse and hands* SISTER BALDWIN *fifty cents.*)

SISTER BALDWIN: Thank you.

SISTER PORTER: I hope, my dear, that your heart will be as touched with an interest in the work as it is with generosity toward it. (*The visitors shake hands and exeunt.*)

RUTH: (*with a sigh of relief*) Thank goodness that's over! (*She throws herself down on the couch and reads the newspaper. She is quite oblivious of her appearance and the untidy room. There is a gentle knock at the door.* RUTH *doesn't hear. The knock is repeated.*) Why does everybody have to come visiting in the morning? Come in. (SISTER ARMSTRONG *enters. She is intelligent and sweet.*)

RUTH: (*rising in embarrassment*) Oh, Mother Armstrong, come in. I'm ashamed of this mess, but I've been lazy all morning, and then the Relief Society teachers called, and that hindered me. Here, have this easy chair. (*They sit down close together.*)

SISTER ARMSTRONG: Yes, I met the teachers. They're sweet women, aren't they? Ruth dear, I came to see if you wouldn't like to go to Relief Society meeting with me today.

RUTH: (*laughing, her natural sweetness overcoming her ill temper*) Say, what is this, a campaign? You and mother, and Sister Porter and Sister Baldwin have all been after me. I'm too young. I'm not quite in the old ladies' class yet. Oh, I don't mean any offense, Mother Armstrong.

SISTER ARMSTRONG: I'm sure you don't, dear. I understand. Any woman over thirty seems old to you. (*They both laugh.*) There are many young girls joining the Society now, some even as young as you.

RUTH: Well, they must be hard up for something to do.

SISTER ARMSTRONG: As a matter of fact, they are all busy girls; but they find Relief Society a pleasure and a benefit.

RUTH: I can't imagine such a thing. (*Then more courteously*) You're wasting your time, Mother Armstrong, in trying to sell Relief Society to me. Mother has been at me ever since I was married. I'm just not interested.

SISTER ARMSTRONG: I think that you would be today. It's Sister Porter's birthday. She doesn't know it, but we are going to pay a lovely tribute to her, besides the program. Your mother is going to present her with a lovely bouquet and give a little talk of presentation. I thought you might sing for us—one of Sister Porter's favorite hymns. It would please your mother and give us all a great deal of pleasure.

RUTH: (*affectionately*) You're sweet, Mother Armstrong, but I couldn't possibly go today. I'm going to wash as soon as I get my work done.

SISTER ARMSTRONG: Harvey stopped in for a minute on his way to the office this morning. He seemed quite worried about you. He

asked me if I didn't know of a girl who could come in once in a while and help you. You've got a mighty good husband, Ruth, if he is my son.

RUTH: Being your son is what makes him so good, Mother.

SISTER ARMSTRONG: That's sweet of you, even if I don't deserve it. He's very much in love with you, my dear.

RUTH: Well, he ought to be. My mother thinks I'm an awfully nice girl.

SISTER ARMSTRONG: (*laughing*) I think we form rather a complete admiration association. We all like each other and are happy in our relationship.

RUTH: Mother, I have a chance to work for Mr. Smith again. Harvey won't hear of it, but don't you think I ought to? I try to be a good wife, but I'm a lot better stenographer than housekeeper, and my check would help out a lot right now. You see, when we were married I was earning more than Harvey is making. And two people can't live as cheaply as one, no matter what folks say. I used to spend more on myself than we have now for everything.

SISTER ARMSTRONG: I know it's hard on you, Ruth. But Harvey is working up a business, and that takes time. Marriage means co-operation and sacrifice. Harvey had more to spend on himself, too, before you were married. I think it would be a mistake for you to go back to Smith's. It would undermine Harvey in his business. It would give people the idea perhaps that he couldn't earn enough to keep you—that he was not a good lawyer. Be a good team mate, dear, and do your part by being a good home maker. Now, how about going to meeting with me today?

RUTH: (*laughing and relenting under the kindness of her mother-in-law*) I see where Harvey gets his "go-get-it-iveness". Yes, I'll go if I can rush through my work.

SISTER ARMSTRONG: I think that I can get Aggie to come over and do your washing. She has tomorrow free. She's a good worker, and she needs the work.

RUTH: That would be grand, if you think we ought to afford it. I hate washing and ironing next to cooking, and I hate cooking next to dish washing, and I hate dish washing next to sweeping and dusting and bed making, and, (*With a comprehensive gesture around the room*) most of all I think I hate tidying up a room and keeping things in order. Somehow things just won't stay put. (*Then seriously*) I do want to be a good wife, but you see I'd never done much housework until I was married, and Harvey's the first husband I've ever had. Mother, it's surprising how much time anyone can spend on a husband. In terms of time they're very expensive luxuries.

SISTER ARMSTRONG: (*laughing*) Every woman passes through that phase of marriage. When you have a large family of small children you'll look back on these days as a time of child's play. I think it would be all right to have Aggie come in once a week to help you with the heavy work. You can go to fewer movies every

month or cut down on your gasoline, perhaps. There are many ways of saving. It's a good thing to save on unnecessary things in order to take care of the essentials. It's astonishing how many little things you can do without, and how much pleasure you can get out of seeing your bank account grow if you make a game of it instead of considering it a hardship. But I didn't come here to lecture you on economy. Can you be ready to go to meeting at one-thirty? I'll call for you then.

RUTH: (*kissing her impulsively*) You're a darling, and I'll be ready. What would you like me to sing?

SISTER ARMSTRONG: I believe Sister Porter's favorite song is—(*they decide on a suitable song.*) I must rush home now. Goodby, dear. (*Exit.*)

RUTH: Goodby, Mother dear. (*She begins briskly to do her work, as the curtain falls.*)

SCENE II

The same room, but now it is orderly and attractive. The table is daintily set for dinner. RUTH *is well dressed and well groomed. She has a dainty apron over her pretty dress. She moves about smiling and singing. She puts* HARVEY'S *house coat on his easy chair, a pair of slippers and a leg rest near by. A bouquet of flowers is on the table. The entire atmosphere of the place is changed. There is a slight noise at the door.* RUTH *goes to it as* HARVEY *enters.*

RUTH: (*smiling and with affectionate concern*) Hello, darling. How are you tonight?

HARVEY: (*hesitating — surprised*) Why—hello—

RUTH: (*sweetly*) Let me take your coat and hat, dear. Your house coat and slippers are right there at your chair.

HARVEY: (*bewildered*) Thanks — darling—I—

RUTH: Have you had a good day?

HARVEY: (*astonished*) Why—yes—fine—that is—pretty good—but (*anxiously*) are you all right, dear?

RUTH: (*cheerfully*) Never better! (*She helps him off with his coat, takes his arm and walks with him to his chair.* HARVEY *is rather bewildered. A great deal of the humor and interest in this scene depends on* HARVEY'S *acting.*) Now you sit there and read, darling, while I serve the dinner. It's all ready except the meat, and it's going to be good tonight, and I do mean good! I made a lovely apple pie, and I have a scrumptuous steak and a—

HARVEY: (*really alarmed*) Ruth, are you sure you feel all right?

RUTH: Yes, dear, I'm fine.

HARVEY: Your face is flushed. Are you feverish—or something?

RUTH: Not a fraction of a degree. My face is red because I've been working over a hot stove.

HARVEY: (*hesitating, but still anxious*) Well, you seem different—somehow. As if you were happy —or something.

RUTH: (*laughing*) Of course I'm happy. Why shouldn't I be? Didn't I marry the best man in the world?

HARVEY: Why, of course. Everybody knows that. But lately you haven't seemed to think so. You and Mother agreed on that before we were married.

RUTH: Yes, and we discussed it again

today and reached the same decision.

HARVEY: (*seriously*) You and Mother ought to get together often. But, dearest, I can't understand. You're so different—so pepped up — and so sweet — somehow. What's happened to you today?

RUTH: I can't tell you now. Dinner's all ready except broiling the steak.

HARVEY: (*sternly*) You come right here, woman, and sit down. Obedience is better than beefsteak. (*RUTH meekly sits down beside him. HARVEY puts his arm around her. She snuggles against him. He gives a sigh of satisfaction.*) Ah-ah-ah! This is like old times. Now tell me what's happened?

RUTH: I went to Relief Society.

HARVEY: You what?

RUTH: I went to Relief Society meeting today.

HARVEY: That old ladies' club? That couldn't make you happy. What's the joke?

RUTH: (*indignantly*) It isn't an old ladies' club! And it's no joke. I enjoyed myself.

HARVEY: I'll bet you did!

RUTH: I did, really, Harvey. It was nice. I sang for them.

HARVEY: How come? Did you sing them to sleep? Lullabies?

RUTH: Harvey, behave yourself! They had a wonderful meeting. It was partly in honor of dear old Sister Porter.

HARVEY: But how did they happen to rope you into going?

RUTH: Lots of young women belong. Peg and Amy Hutchins are both members; and Norma Alston's the chorister. She's not much older than I am.

HARVEY: Well, what do you know about that! Did you sew carpet rags or stitch quilts? That's all they do, isn't it?

RUTH: Harvey! Shame on you! You know better than that. Your mother has been a Relief Society worker all her life. You know perfectly well the good they do in carrying comfort and relief and happiness to people. And then besides that they have lessons and socials. You learn a lot of things —how to sew and cook; you get new recipes and patterns and new ideas about lots of things, and then they have a good time, too.

HARVEY: Well, it must be something. (*Pause. Then seriously*) How often do they meet?

RUTH: You ought to know that, too. They meet every week, on Tuesday afternoon. Garbage day, you know. That might help you to remember.

HARVEY: (*thoughtfully and with deep affection*) Dearest, how would you — I mean — wouldn't you like to join the Society?

RUTH: (*laughing*) They invited me to join today, and I'm going to.

HARVEY: (*with a deep and happy sigh*) Oh, darling, that's great! I'm so glad! I do want you to be happy!

(*They beam fondly at each other as the curtain falls.*)

The Shining Heart

By Sibyl Spande Bowen

CHARACTER DESCRIPTION AND RESUME—2ND INSTALLMENT

IN the moldy decay of the Carey family mansion on Puget Sound lives "MISS BRILL" CAREY, spinster of 55, who once had wealth but now earns a meager living as a seamstress for herself and her lovely niece, red-haired NELL CAREY, who longs to be an artist, but lacks the money to study, and so has drifted into an engagement with FRED NAGLE, successful, unromantic young chicken farmer, whose bank account is dearer to him than is Nell. He strenuously opposes Nell's artistic ambitions.

Miss Brill humbles her Carey pride to ask her father's old friend, Philander Maddox, to give Nell a job in San Francisco, hoping the girl will forget Fred in her zeal for study. Miss Brill is convinced Nell does not love Fred.

The old lady walks several miles in the rain to get some sewing, overdoes, and is found on the road in a dazed condition by Nell and Fred, who are returning from a movie. Nell's joy over the new job is unbounded, but that night Miss Brill has a stroke that halts the plans for art study. Nell is mystified by her aunt's mutterings about a "shining heart".

Fred openly hopes Miss Brill's illness will hasten his marriage to Nell. But the girl, unwilling to give up the career so easily, asks him to wait, knowing the news of the marriage she hoped to avert will upset the sick woman. Fred grudgingly agrees to wait until the end of summer, but Nell has secretly determined that she alone will bear the burden of Miss Brill.

CHAPTER THREE

AT the sound of voices Nell ducked hurriedly into a thicket of dogwood. Fred, there in the Maddox' poultry yard talking with the man who cared for Mrs. Maddox' prize chickens, she saw, as the two men crossed the grounds to the stables. Not until they had gone in did Nell come out of hiding. She did not want Fred to know she was definitely giving up San Francisco —yet. Later, of course. It did not occur to the girl that all her thoughts for Fred were built around that "later".

The Maddoxes were not on the terrace this evening. There was too much wind and chill in the air from last night's showers. Nell rang timidly, and was told to go into the library. She was almost afraid as she stepped over the thick-piled Oriental rugs of the big hall to the open door of the library.

Old Philander was dozing by an open fire, his white head just showing above the enormous puffy back of a red leather chair. Nell sat down on the edge of another such chair and watched the old man blink his hard, blue eyes awake. He looked at her with the round stare of an infant.

"Hello, hello. Who are you?" he barked abruptly.

Nell jumped. "I'm—I'm Nell Carey, Miss Brilliant's niece," she stuttered. He was the first millionaire she had ever seen in the flesh, and a fairly startling one he was.

Mr. Maddox grunted and stared at her. Suddenly he gave a cackling laugh. "Nellis Adair Carey! If that isn't just like a balmy old maid!"

"I just came to tell you," Nell said stiffly, "that I won't be able to accept that job offered me yesterday. Aunt Brill had a stroke last night."

"What job?"

"The one you offered me in San Francisco. You told Aunt Brill about it," Nell answered precisely. The old man's pink skin fascinated

her; it was so babyish beside his upstanding white hair.

He stared at her again. "A stroke?" Then he laughed. "At her age? Young lady, I'll be eighty-six next birthday, and I've never had a stroke in my life." He slapped his knee and chuckled to himself. Then he looked intently at Nell.

She sat quietly under his scrutiny, for she realized now that Philander Maddox was indeed old. For all his brilliant career, for all his money, he was sinking gently down into a vague, unremembering, selfish childishness, though he thought himself still so powerful.

"You're a pretty girl. A pretty girl like you can always have a job in my buildings. You've nice manners, too. Here, I'll give you a note." He had completely forgotten the one yesterday. He fumbled in a drawer of the small table beside him and found paper and pen. He wrote a letter to his superintendent that was surprisingly clear and businesslike, telling him that Nell was to have a job with him.

Nell accepted the note and thanked the old man for it. It was no use trying to explain again. Besides, the note might be useful some day.

Mr. Maddox looked curiously at the girl again. "Where did she get you?" he asked abruptly.

Nell had risen from her chair. She sat down again in her surprise. "Whom do you mean?"

"Old Brilliant. She did a good job when she picked you up," he said. "Pretty as an almond blossom, and I'll bet you're smart, too."

"I'm Aunt Brill's brother's daughter," Nell explained. "He died before my mother did. She died when I was born."

Old Philander threw back his head and roared. "She's a good picker I say." Then he sat up. "Man and boy," he said, wiggling a finger at the girl, "I've known Tom Carey and all his family after him. I was there when he died, and I'll swear he never had chick nor child but the girl, Brilliant."

Nell wondered if she had heard him aright. She was dizzily sick. Behind her the buttery voice of Phoebe Maddox sounded, as she came noiselessly in on the thick carpets.

"Why, Father, what are you saying?" She whispered to the girl, "Don't pay any attention to him, Nell. He's getting so old he doesn't remember." Aloud she said, "It's time for your warm milk, Father."

But Nell had paid attention, and so, it appeared, had the woman she encountered in the doorway as she ran blindly to the hall. A tall woman, this, with enormous, disturbed, gray eyes, and perfectly white hair framing her youngish, beautiful face.

"Oh," gasped Nell, "I'm so sorry."

The woman's face was rigid, frozen with a sudden fear. She stood stock still and looked at Nell.

"Why Sally! Sally Delavan, how nice of you to come way out here," cried Mrs. Maddox, her tone unemotional, soft.

Nell said again, "I'm sorry," and rushed to the front door.

"Who," she heard the white-haired woman say sharply to Phoebe Maddox, "is that girl?"

SHE was not Miss Brill's niece! She had old Philander's word for

it that there had been no Carey son. He hadn't lied. He was old and queer, but his mind was still sharp. He still remembered—things of long ago. Nell stumbled along the road unseeingly until a warning toot from a car restored her alertness. Since the Carey house was the only one at this end of the Cove road, it had come from there. Not the doctor's car, nor Fred's, this small black roadster. Then she let the matter of the car slip from her mind. She remembered only old Phil's chuckling "she did a good job when she picked you up". Just as if she had been something cheap from a bargain counter!

But bitter as this new knowledge was, it made things clearer. Really, there had never been anything definite about the supposed parents—no pictures, never any souvenirs. She remembered Miss Brill's evasive, "Don't ask me, child," to early questions. Finally, the subject was dropped. If Nell supposed anything, she no doubt thought her aunt's loss had been too painful to discuss, and had not cared much. Miss Brill had been all the family she needed.

She remembered when she had been scarcely old enough to toddle, following in the wake of Miss Brill's long calico skirts through the raspberry patch, into the thickets of black caps that fringed the wooded summer camp grounds to the north of the gray house. Of filling her small pail with the low berries, staining her little fingers with their dark juice! At the end of the berry season, when the last jar of jam had been made and sold, a large, gorgeous doll had come mysteriously. "From Fredericks," Miss Brill had said proudly, naming the magic department store as she placed the doll in the little girl's arms. Bought with the hard-earned berry money, Nell knew now. Tears stung her eyes. She brushed impatiently through the long grass beside the road. And there had never even been the claim of kinship to such gifts.

There was the time Miss Brill had sewed until morning on somebody's dress so Nell might have the money to take a boat excursion to Victoria with her class. And Nell's graduation dress, that delicate thing of many ruffles and frosty lace, that the tall, aging woman had bought and made herself! One of Tom Carey's Chinese chests had disappeared just before the advent of the dress. Miss Brill had been evasive about it, and Nell had taken the sacrifice lightly. Carey chests for Carey graduates' finery, she would have thought, if she had thought at all. And now she was not a Carey. A waif without any rights—that was what old Mr. Maddox had meant.

"I'll make it up to her," Nell thought yearningly, as she opened the kitchen door. "I don't know where, or why, she got me, but she's been wonderful about it." Even giving up San Francisco was not too much, now.

THE house was dark but for the flicker through the mica of the stove door. Mary Kelly whispered tensely out of the gloom, "I'm glad you've come, Nell. Somebody's been prowling around. I've been in a fever for fear your aunt'd hear him. He looked in the Alaska house windows, walked all around this place, poking around. I didn't dare light a lamp."

The man in the black roadster! Nell said, "Didn't he knock?"

"Of course not, with the lights out. The idea! Now you go about and see that every single window in this big gloomy pile is locked tight, or I won't be able to sleep a wink."

Nell lighted a lamp at once. "Oh, nonsense, Mrs. Kelly. There's nothing *here* anyone would want." And she thought immediately of the precious little hoard in the chest upstairs. That anyone might be interested in the big, closed rooms full of carved walnut, old satiny silver, and the intricate glassware of days gone by did not occur to the girl.

She took a lamp and mounted the stairs in the waterfront side of the tall house, examining window and door catches faithfully, even to the third story. When she reached the door to the steep stairway that led to the cupola, she opened it and went up.

Night was over the land, but it was still light in the watery west. Nell took Grandpa Carey's sea glass down from the little shelf above one of the eight windows that sided the little tower room and looked out over the Sound to the wide Straits of Juan de Fuca. She rolled the name slowly off her tongue, aloud. It had an adventurous, foreign lilt to it that stirred her blood. The wide waters merging into the sky always brought to her mind a drift of lovely words from a poem, "Ulysses," a picture of that hardy old soul's longing to fight again the pounding waves in his stout ship. "To seek, to find, and not to yield." That was a stirring thought! It lifted your head, somehow, and made you brave inside. You didn't shrink quite so much when you heard in memory old Phil's high voice, "She did a good job when she picked you up". Up from where? It would come out sometime, somehow. The thing now was to care for Aunt Brill as best she could—even if she had to let Fred Nagle help her.

(To be continued)

THE CRUCIFIXION

By Christie Lund

They nailed his stainless hands upon a cross
Against His sky, His heaven that soon must weep
At sight of slow and costly drops of blood
From Him, the Christ, whose sorrow was so deep

That man cannot conceive of it. They quarreled
And bartered for His robe that many times before
Had healed those who had stooped to touch it, those
Who wept about Him now . . . . the maimed, the poor.

They suffered Him to die with thieves; yet He
Forgave them, and forgave us all that we
Might some day dwell with Him within that Heaven
In peace and love for all eternity.

Have You A Hobby?

By Beatrice E. Linford

IN this busy, madly rushing world, do you still find that you have hours of leisure time on your hands, hours in which you seem utterly lost wishing for something interesting to do, hours that might easily be converted into pleasure and profit if one knew just how to use them? To a great many people the days are not long enough to execute the tasks required of them; yet there are also many who have endless, lonely, uninteresting hours on their hands.

We hear a great deal about hobbies. Have you a hobby? I asked this question of a particular group of adults not long ago. They all answered, "No, we have no such a thing as a hobby." Upon closer questioning, however, it was discovered that several of them had hobbies and were blissfully unaware of the fact. One woman, for instance, loved to make quilts, and another had a beautiful flower garden.

Just what is a hobby? To analyze it, I would say a hobby is something that we fancy, choose, and pursue at will, something we particularly enjoy doing, something we may do at will or discard at will. That perhaps is the reason hobbies are so fascinating. Some people have more than one hobby, thus satisfying their changeable moods and momentary interests.

Choosing a hobby is an entirely individual problem; no other person may choose your hobby for you. It must be something you love to do, something that will bring keen pleasure and delight. The types and kinds of hobbies are as varied as the types and kinds of individuals. So numerous are they that it would be impossible to enumerate them all in one short article.

Hobbies may be separated into four groups: The first group is collecting, which seems to be the most common and widely pursued by hobby seekers. One may collect anything from bugs to bedsteads. I know a person who collects elephants—no, not real, live flesh and blood elephants, but those carved from wood, ivory, or blown from glass. She has them in all conceivable sizes and colors. Many people collect antiques which is a very interesting hobby, especially if the objects sought happen to be treasures of some dearly beloved ancestor or famous person. One may collect vases, rare prints, etchings, paintings, dolls, stamps, photographs, clippings, poetry, autographs, books or butterflies, according to his own fancy.

The second group is creative hobbies. To me this is the most interesting of all the groups. To those who paint a picture, model a bust from clay, write a poem or a book comes the joy of creation, which is the most satisfying joy one can experience.

In this group are placed such things as writing, painting, gardening, building, designing, flower arranging, basket making, copper hammering, leather tooling and wood carving. Of a little different type are: keeping a diary or family history, sculpturing, clay modeling, block printing, embroidering, sew-

ing, quilting, and recipe creating. It is quite impossible to name all the interesting and even unexplored fields for the creative person. Just for a day, pause and take notice of your neighbors. Show me the one who is interested in really doing something, and I will show you a happy person.

"But I cannot do any of those things. I can't paint a picture or write a poem," I hear you say. How many individuals have thought the same thing; and, of course, if that is what they think, they naturally can't do things. But on the other hand, if they think they can, of course they will be able to.

A third group is hobbies for acquiring knowledge. Of course, we all continue learning day after day, year after year, as a natural result of our experience. However, there are certain fields of study to which we become attached, so fascinating are they to us that we wish to learn all there is to know on the subject, thus we take up our hobby of acquiring knowledge.

Some of the studies man finds interesting are: history, art, architecture, aeronautics, economics, astronomy, botany, minerology, genealogy, entomology, languages, mathematics, meteorology, ornithology, zoology, music, psychology, physics, paleontology, and all the other ologies that are so very fascinating to certain individuals. Indeed, civilization owes untold debts to those who have followed one or more of these fields of learning to the point where they themselves have contributed some great truth to the field of modern thought and science.

To the fourth group is attached the name hobbies of action. Many persons take a greater delight in physical activity, in taking an active part in things, than in either studying, creating or collecting. In this group we find such interesting activities as taking part in athletic contests or carnivals, participating in pageants, celebrations, fairs, dancing, entertaining, helping with bazaars and festivals, and participating in outings and camping trips. Some who are talented enjoy taking part in dramas, public speaking, or playing in vaudeville. Some people take active interest in pets, such as dogs, birds, bees, horses, rabbits, pigeons, or fur-bearing animals, such as mink, raccoon or fox.

Among hobbies of action we find games such as baseball, basketball, cycling, boxing, golf, tennis, coasting, skiing, skating, swimming, hunting, fishing, horseshoe pitching, canoeing and many others.

In these four groups I have attempted to give a small idea of how great the possibilities are for those seeking something for leisure hours.

AS the world advances in scientific knowledge, education, and mechanical ability, men and women are finding themselves with more and more leisure time at their disposal. This condition is increasing rather than decreasing. Now is the time to find out our likes and dislikes, and attach ourselves to some interesting hobby.

More often than not, hobbies that are at first taken up with the sole idea of pleasure or pastime turn out to be an individual's life occupation. Thus we have a person making a livelihood by doing the job he really

enjoys, and how very much easier it is to accomplish big things when doing what we really want to do than when spending our days plugging endlessly away at some monotonous job not so much to our liking.

I am intimately acquainted with a man who as a small boy loved to whittle with his pocket knife making such a litter on the kitchen floor that the immaculate mother had him sit in the huge, old-fashioned wood-box behind the stove to save sweeping the shavings. As he grew, he continued with this hobby of his boyhood, learning all he could of woods, of methods used in building, cutting, carving and glueing. His hobby turned out to be his occupation in life, and for more than thirty years he has been teaching woodwork in the schools. He still loves to make lamps, magazine stands, tables, book ends, candle sticks and all sorts of gifts for his family and friends.

I have a neighbor who enjoys flowers and very modestly began growing a few bulbs and shrubs. She now lives entirely surrounded by a beautiful garden of all varieties and types of flowers, blossoming from early spring until late autumn. She has developed a small business selling bulbs and blossoms. But the greatest pleasure that comes to her is through the flowers she bestows upon the sick, the lonely and sad. She keeps her church continually supplied with lovely bouquets the year around.

I know another person who paints in his spare time, another who makes delicious candies, another who raises pure-bred dogs, one who keeps a most interesting family history, and still another who is a genius with her apparently magic needle. Day by day I see pleasure derived from the pursuit of interesting hobbies.

I believe that this individual hobby idea is bound to take care of many of the nation's problems in the immediate future. Hundreds of thousands of our citizenry have been thrown out of jobs in recent years, others have been forced to change from one job to another. Now we are living in a period of readjustment, struggling in every conceivable manner to obtain a sensible balance again. Let us adopt the slogan, "A hobby for everyone".

TRUTH

TRUTH never dies. The ages come and go;
The mountains wear away; the seas retire;
Destruction lays earth's mighty cities low;
And empires, states and dynasties expire;
But caught and handed onward by the wise,
Truth never dies!

(Courtesy, "The Union Signal")

The Body's Need For Vitamins

By Dr. Rose H. Widtsoe

Home Economics Department—University of Utah

THERE is no chapter in the field of nutrition so dramatic as the one dealing with the subject of vitamins. The science of nutrition met many difficulties in its development. For years the chemist could not make a complete analysis of foods because of imperfect methods and apparatus. Finally in 1906 a diet was worked out by the chemist which was thought to be complete in every respect. This diet was made up of pure protein, fat, carbohydrates and the essential minerals and was fed to experimental animals. They not only did not grow but soon sickened and died. The addition of a small amount of whole milk to this diet resulted in normal growth and development. What was there in whole milk that made such a dramatic change? Zealous research of many earnest workers over a period of years gave the answer to this question. This experimentation resulted in the knowledge that there are a number of important organic substances found naturally in foods that are essential to life and growth. These substances are now known to be the vitamins. In 1913 it was determined by a number of our nutrition research workers that there were two general characteristics of these unknown vital substances: One was that certain of these substances were soluble in fat and others were soluble in water; hence, they were called by Dr. McCollum "fat soluble A" and "water soluble B". Another research worker, Dr. Funk, called them vitamines A and B. Since more has been learned concerning these substances, the names have been changed to "vitamins".

Methods of Investigation

There have been two methods of approach to the study of the vitamins, the chemical and the biological. The latter is the older method and served to show the effects of the presence or the absence of these naturally occurring vitamins in our foods when fed to experimental animals. In 1913 McCollum, Davis, Osborne and Mendel, in experiments made independently and at about the same time, found that white albino rats fed on a diet containing all the known nutrients would grow and thrive when butter was in the diet, but when lard was substituted as the only source of fat they would cease growing and become sick and soon die. Many other fats were used in numerous experiments, and it was found that the fat in butter, egg yolk, fish-liver oils, in thin, green leafy vegetables and the yellow fruits and vegetables and the germ of cereals either contained these fat soluble vitamins or substances that are changed into vitamins in the animal body. Most of the vegetable and commercial oils resemble lard in their nutritive value.

Chemical Investigation

Chemical research has now established the identity of six vitamins. Others are being investigated. It has been determined that no single chemical description applies to the vitamins as a group. Each vitamin is a distinct chemical substance. In regard to their functions in nutrition, they may be grouped as a single class of nutrients. As a group they have a regulatory action on the utilization of foodstuffs and in the control of body functions. But each vitamin has specific values. Research has determined that most of our vitamin values are formed by Nature in our foodstuffs. We have always known that we eat to live, but we are fast learning that what we eat has an important bearing upon how long we shall live and the degree of health we shall enjoy.

The Fat Soluble Vitamin

Vitamin A is one of the most interesting and one of the first vitamins to be discovered. The experiment cited above called attention to the fact that something soluble in the fat of milk was necessary to the life of the experimental animals. With butter in the diet, the animals grew normally; with lard as the sole source of fat, they sickened and died. In due time all of the important food fats were worked with and their vitamin A value determined.

The original source of vitamin A is built up by Nature in certain growing plants and is called carotene. When foods containing carotene are eaten they are changed into vitamin A. Certain foods of animal origin such as milk fat and egg fat contain both vitamin A and carotene, the latter being changed into vitamin A when eaten. Carotene is of a distinctly yellow color, while vitamin A is colorless. All green vegetables contain carotene, but the yellow color is covered up with the green color of the chlorophyll. Hence any colored vegetable, cereal or fruit—red, yellow, or green—is a good source of vitamin A.

Vitamin A Values in Foods

Since carotene is the chief source of vitamin A, we look to the colored vegetables and fruits and to the milk fat and its products, whole milk or cream cheese, eggs and fish oils as our best food sources. The carotene content of a plant increases up to maturity. One must remember that the yellow color may be hidden by the green color of the chlorophyll. When we eat these colored foods, our bodies convert the yellow carotene into the colorless vitamin A. Cows and chickens feed upon green grass, hay and other forage crops, thus making use of food sources of vitamin A that man cannot use. This vitamin value is passed on for human use in the form of milk and eggs.

Measurement of Vitamin A Values

Vitamin A values of foods are now measured in units in two different types of experiments: first, by feeding known quantities of carotene or foodstuffs containing vitamin A to experimental animals and determining the rate of growth; second, by feeding known quantities of vitamin A in its synthetic form and noting the rate of growth. The chemist now knows the chemical nature of vitamin A and can synthesize it in his laboratory. The comparative val-

ues of vitamin A in different foods are now given to us in what is known as International Units. The following partial list of vitamin A food sources are submitted as a guide in building dietaries.

THE VITAMIN VALUES OF FOODS*

The Average Vitamin Unitage per 100 Grams of Foodstuff.

Vitamin A values are given in International Units. 100 gms. equals 3.6 ounces.

Food	Vitamin A
Apples	90
Apricots, fresh	7,500
Apricots, dried	13,700
Asparagus, green	800
Avocado	700
Banana	300
Beef, lean	100
Blackberry	300
Bread, whole wheat	100
Broccoli	700
Brussels Sprouts	420
Butter	2,250
Cantaloupe	450
Carrots	4,200
Chard	25,000
Cheese, Cheddar	3,750
Cherries, Royal Anne	630
Cod Liver Oil. U.S.P.	60,000
Cornmeal, yellow	800
Cornmeal, white	0
Cream, 20 per cent	1,050
Dandelions	30,000
Eggs	2,500
Egg yolk	5,000
Escarole	30,000
Kale	36,000
Kidney, Beef	800
Kidney, Veal	1,100
Kidney, Mutton	1,100
Lettuce, green	6,000
Lettuce, bleached	200
Liver, Beef	13,000
Meat, Average	25
Milk, dried, whole	2,400
Milk, evaporated	680
Milk, condensed	680
Milk, malted	6,140
Olives, ripe	350
Parsley	70,000
Peaches, yellow	1,400
Peaches, dried, yellow	1,200
Peas, green	1,000
Peas, dried	1,750
Peppers, green	1,300
Peppers, red	7,780
Potato, sweet	3,600
Potato, white	56
Salmon	500
Spinach	21,000
Squash, Hubbard	7,000
Tomatoes, green	1,100
Tomatoes, ripe	1,100
Tomato juice	900
Turnip greens	7,500
Yeast, Fleischmann	3,200

*"Avitaminosis" by Eddy and Daldorf. (Revised March, 1938)

Vitamin A Is Essential to Growth

Vitamin A is essential for the growth of the young and for the maintenance of the health of adults. There is no period in life when this vitamin is not needed by the body. It plays a very important part not only in the growth and development of the body but also in the efficient regulation of the body processes at all ages. When the intake of vitamin A is insufficient in experimental animals, growth ceases, the hair becomes rough and shaggy, the characteristic eye trouble develops, respiratory diseases are apt to occur and a general weakened condition of the body results.

Lack of Vitamin A Tends to Cause Eye Infection

Susceptibility to eye infection is one of the most outstanding characteristics of vitamin A deficiency. The eyes become dry as the natural secretions fail. Such fluids naturally

keep the eyes clean by washing out bacteria and other foreign particles. The eyelids swell, become sticky and sore and the membrane becomes inflamed. If this disease progresses far enough, blindness results. This condition is found among children much more frequently than among adults. During the World War the poorer children in Holland suffered this eye trouble due to vitamin A poor dietaries. When whole milk was introduced into their diet, the trouble cleared up.

Lack of Vitamin A Tends to Cause Respiratory Diseases

Respiratory diseases are much more frequent on vitamin A deficient dietaries. The cellular structure of the respiratory (bronchial tubes and lungs) and alimentary (stomach and intestines) tracts become so weakened that infection readily attacks them. Again the loss of the natural secretions which tend to cleanse such tissue, makes it possible for germs to attack them and cause colds, sinus trouble, ear infections and bronchial trouble. While such deficiency diseases are much more readily observed in experimental animals, the same effects are possible in the human body but in a less spectacular manner. It is due to this fact that any dietary deficiency in human nutrition is so serious. The effects are so slow and so insidious and are usually not accompanied by pain, so that serious damage is done before one recognizes the evil. The difference in the life span of the experimental animal, usually the white albino rat, and the human being is great, one day in the life of the rat being equal to one month in the life of a human being.

Chemical Nature of Vitamin A

Vitamin A and Carotene are organic substances soluble in fat. The chemist now knows the composition of these two substances and is equipped to test their comparative values in food. Such chemical tests will hasten the development of our knowledge of nutrition. Vitamin A is insoluble in water, so that we do not lose any of this nutrient in cooking processes. Vitamin A is not destroyed by heat up to the boiling temperature of water, nor by the pressure cooker, unless the pressure is exceedingly high and the cooking is extended over a long period of time, a condition seldom necessary in the ordinary cooking processes. The canning of food does not destroy its vitamin A value. If vegetables are stored for a period of several months, they lose considerable of their vitamin A value due to the oxidation of the air. Rancidity in fats destroy the vitamin A value.

How Much Vitamin A Does the Body Need?

Intensive research is in progress in an attempt to determine the quantities of vitamin A, measured in units, required daily by the growing child and the adult. No definite standards are yet available, but Mrs. Rose and her co-workers have suggested that 100 units per 100 calories of food for the average adult and 200 units for 100 calories for the child would be a good guide. The following table gives the best available daily caloric requirement for children.

FOOD ALLOWANCES FOR CHILDREN OF AVERAGE WEIGHT*

Age Years	Calories Per Day Boys	Girls
1	900-1200	800-1200
2	1100-1300	1000-1250
3	1100-1400	1050-1350
4	1200-1500	1150-1450
5	1300-1600	1200-1500
6	1500-1900	1450-1800
7	1600-2100	1500-1900
8	1700-2300	1600-2200
9	1900-2500	1800-2500
10	2100-2700	1900-2600
11	2100-2800	2000-2800
12	2300-3000	2100-3000
13	2500-3500	2300-3400
15	2700-4000	2400-2800
16	2700-4000	2250-2800
17	2800-4000	2250-2800

From this table one can easily determine the vitamin A requirement by dividing the caloric requirement for children by 100 and multiplying the answer by 200, the standard units for 100 calories. Example: A boy 6 years of age requires 1500 calories—

1500÷100=15
15 x 200=3,000 vitamin A units required daily.

An adult will on an average require 2500 to 3000 calories and 2500 to 3000 vitamin A units per day. By using the table of vitamin A food values one can plan a diet that will supply these amounts. Any excess of vitamin A will do no possible harm as the body has the power of storing it. This is a blessing as one can eat liberally of green growing vegetables in the season thereof, and the excess will be stored for future use. One cannot depend upon this storage exclusively, but must supplement it by feeding food sources of vitamin A daily. In planning menus refer to the vitamin A food value table and select the available foods rich in A. Use as many of the green foods uncooked as possible. The green outer leaves of lettuce are thirty times richer in A than the inner white leaves; green cabbage is better than white; spinach, parsley and all green leafy vegetables, carrots, yams, sweet-potatoes, yellow corn meal, yellow fruits and tomatoes are all excellent sources of vitamin A. Butter, whole milk, cream cheese, fish-liver oils, eggs and the vital organs of animals are also rich sources of A. If thought is given to the building of the family dietary, there need be no deficiency of this important food nutrient.

*Based on Gellett's *Food Allowance for Healthy Children* and Rose's *Laboratory Handbook for Dietetics.*

"ONE'S ideal is one's vision from the slope of the mountains of endeavor —each step of climbing widens the horizon, not in one only, but in all directions, while the wider vision inspires renewed effort."

"SUCCESS can only be reached by climbing a very steep hill. Climb little by little, but never turn back or stand still."—*Nathaniel A. Braham.*

Notes FROM THE FIELD

By Julia A. F. Lund, *General Secretary*

Nevada Stake

THE symbolism of gold mining is original and challenging in the report submitted by Hope Broadbent of the stake board.

The picture of the membership arch and the plans for the drive as launched in the Nevada Stake are most interesting:

NEVADA STAKE MEMBERSHIP ARCH

"Mining is one of the outstanding industries of this particular locality. Recently a gold nugget of unusual size was found in the vicinity. Much excitement was caused by the find, and the incident set us to thinking how similar is prospecting and gold mining to the Membership Drive in the Relief Society. This thought gradually shaped itself into a plan for our membership campaign and a symbolic arch that would graphically show the growth of this plan.

"The present membership forms the base of the arch. This foundation is well laid and very valuable. Hence, it is depicted in gold, because each of the present members is as priceless to the organization as is the large gold nugget to the prospector. Through the common interests and activities of the Organization these individual units have been molded into a strong, enduring base or foundation which is capable of supporting the structure that is to be built during the next four years.

"To give each ward its identity the base was divided, each division representing a ward. The number of gold nuggets (members) comprising each portion of the base was specified. Each ward must not only support its share of the arch but must set about mining the gold with which to build it, for when completed it will be built entirely of gold.

"All present members are designated as gold prospectors, to be led and directed by the coordinators. Their first duties are to learn how to reach these gold mines and how to extract the gold they find. To accomplish this they must be alert to the likes and interests of their prospects. Sometimes these gold nuggets will be found close to the surface and will necessitate little effort in discovery. Other times they will be found buried deep with much worthless mineral mixed with them, but still well worth the time and effort necessary to bring them to the surface.

"A miner may choose to prospect in territory never before mined, or he may use more intensive and thorough methods in reworking old claims. So in our membership drive we will have two fields in which to prospect: one among persons not

acquainted with the Organization, who are entirely new to the work; the other, with those who were once active but for some reason are now inactive. This second field may be compared to the miner reworking old claims. As with the miner, in order to make this work worth while, new, more varied and intense methods will have to be used to rekindle the interests of these indifferent prospects.

"Mining prospectors must have certain tools and provisions to help them in their labors; so must membership prospectors. The pick may represent a firm conviction that the gold nuggets necessary to complete our structure can be found and obtained. The shovel may represent a determination to work. In the knapsack must be had, as bread, a thorough knowledge of our Relief Society organization—its aims, purposes, ideals, program, benefits and obligations. In the canteen must be carried a rich abundance of enthusiasm for the work.

"As each ward searches out and gathers the precious gold nuggets from within its boundaries, it will be made a part of the arch structure. By accepting membership and its responsibilities in the Relief Society organization the nuggets will become like gold bricks that fit into the structure, performing a definite and important role in its building. Thus each new gold nugget (member) will be represented by a space filled in with gold in its respective part of the arch.

"The variation in size of these golden blocks is significant, too. In some very small wards the limited resources make the product rarer and more valuable. As can be seen, it will be necessary for each ward to supply its share of the gold to complete the structure of the arch."

The stake is confident that with such a well laid foundation and a capstone built of friendly service, supported by cultural growth and spiritual joy, each ward will diligently work and add the nuggets necessary to complete an arch of gold by 1942 for the Nevada Stake.

Oneida Stake

FROM the Glencoe Ward of the Oneida Stake the following picture was submitted. Among the group is the first president of the Organization, who is now eighty-four years of age and still active. This

ONEIDA STAKE, GLENCOE WARD

group is of interest because it shows the wide age range of people who are active in Relief Society work, from young mothers with tiny children to mature women who have had the advantage of years of experience in the Organization.

The Preston First Ward is submitting the picture below, as it is quite an unusual one. In this enterprising ward an old-fashioned corn husking "bee" was held. The sisters of the Relief Society gathered, husked, and cut from the cob the corn

CORN HUSKING "BEE," PRESTON FIRST WARD

produced on one-eighth of an acre. Each sister dried as much of the corn as she could care for at her own home. To quote from the letter: "We all worked hard, but it was a novel experience, and we all had a delightful time. A number of batches of corn were dried for a share by people who did not have their own gardens and who needed corn. Altogether more than 300 pounds were dried."

Parowan Stake

AN interesting report shows the work in progress in one of our Southern Utah stakes. The year 1938 was a very busy one for members of the Parowan Stake. The full allotments of canned fruits, vegetables and meats, as well as the dried fruits and vegetables for the Church Welfare Program were more than filled. The members donated funds to purchase drapes, dishes, and cooking utensils and made rugs to furnish the four apartments of the Parowan Stake court at the St. George Temple.

One new organization was effected, creating the Modena Branch. This makes twelve Relief Society organizations in the stake. In this stake, distance is a problem. Wards are scattered over a large area, but the loyal members travel in all kinds of weather—through winter storms, summer heat, rain and wind—to attend the Union meetings. All phases of the Relief Society program are going forward. The women are eager to gain knowledge, and enthusiastically and faithfully study the different lesson outlines. They are interested in the opportunities for musical development now offered in Relief Society, and the health program provides a splendid field of activity.

BENSON STAKE MEMBERSHIP PARTY

Benson Stake

THE above beautiful picture was taken on the thirty-seventh anniversary of the organization of Benson Stake. The Stake Board celebrated the occasion by launching the Membership Drive. There was also a wonderful exhibit of handwork and flowers on display. A cake contest was sponsored. Between four and five hundred women participated in the happy event, which was felt to be an excellent beginning for the very important work of recruiting members.

Lethbridge Stake

WE are indebted to Sister Ida Wood, president of Lethbridge Stake, for the following interesting statement of the Relief Society work in her stake. The Lethbridge Stake Relief Society Board is composed of seven members—all mothers. Five of them live on farms from two to seven miles apart. These mothers have sixty children in all, ranging in age from three to thirty-three years. They all take care of their own homes in addition to the stake Relief Society work, and they also work in ward auxiliaries. The president and counsellors each have a son on a mission.

The stake is scattered over a large area. The wards and branches are far apart, one of the most distant being 350 miles away from the center. The president says: "When making our visits to ward conferences, our total traveling amounts to 1,400 miles. This does not include the distance traveled to our newest branch in Edmonton, the capital of our province, which is 350 miles from Taber, where our board members all live. We are happy in our work and want to give to it the best we have. We feel that we work under difficulties, but we are willing to carry on because we know that the Lord blesses us abundantly, and the sisters in our stake are most wonderful. They are all anxious to do their part and help the work along."

Shelley Stake

FROM the Shelley Stake comes a most interesting report of the Work and Business program as planned for the year 1939. Beginning with January the program gives attention to the balanced diet; February, the curing of meats; March, cereals and grain products, and as it is then nearing the housecleaning season, hints to aid in that important work are included; April, dairy products, also an exchange of quilt patterns and some actual quilting; May, the study of fats and sugars, and an exchange of bulbs and seeds; June, eggs—their treatment and uses, also bookbinding and special hobbies; July is set aside for the year's outing; August, vegetables are to be considered, also attention given to remodeling of clothing; September, fruits and aprons; October, serving food attractively, and attention to the Church Welfare Program; November, cookies and candies, also Christmas suggestions; December, a display of the year's work and a Christmas party.

We feel that many helpful suggestions are contained in this material, and all phases harmonize in the making of better homes.

Tooele Stake

THE project for the year 1938 was one hundred per cent visiting teaching. The picture below is of a group who accomplished this objective and faithfully carried through the project. Not only did they make their regular visits, but they used the Messages and carefully and wisely reported the condition of people in the districts visited. There are thirteen districts in this ward and in most of these there are three teachers for each district. Seven of the teachers in this group made the visits every month during the year. This fine work has enabled the officers to give needed assistance in sickness, also to supply food and other commodities where necessary, and to capably render service in homes where death reigned.

At Christmas time a splendid piece of work was accomplished; new underwear and other clothing were made and given to those in need.

VISITING TEACHERS, TOOELE STAKE

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

THE SINGING MOTHERS

By Ruth May Fox

Sing on, Singing Mothers, sing on and sing on;
Lift your hearts in rejoicing all the day long
For the Organization which leads you in ways
Of noble endeavor to honor your days.
Sing on, Singing Mothers, sing on.

Sing in the morning when over the hill
The sun sheds his glory o'er meadow and rill;
Awaking the earth to a newness of life,
Revealing such beauty one marvels at strife.
Sing on, Singing Mothers, sing on.

Sing to your babies as they cling to your breast;
Sing to your children when you lay them to rest;
As the shadows of twilight over them fall
Sing softly—the Shepherd is guarding you all.
Sing on, Singing Mothers, sing on.

Sing when you're weary, sing when you're sad;
The song of the righteous will make the soul glad;
The Father will listen, your sorrow He knows;
His tender compassion forever o'erflows.
Sing on, Singing Mothers, sing on.

Sing ye in triumph as did Miriam of old;
When evil is vanquished God's wonders unfold.
E'en in your wilderness, grim though it be,
You may walk on dry land through the midst of the sea.
Sing on, Singing Mothers, sing on.

THE above tribute, *The Singing Mothers*, was penned by Sister Ruth May Fox, former General President of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, February, 1939, shortly after celebrating her eighty-fifth birthday.

When questioned regarding the circumstances which prompted the writing of these verses, Sister Fox said: "Well, it is a good subject. Then, think what it means to have a 'singing mother' in the home. I have always been proud of the Singing Mothers. I have always regarded the Relief Society as a strong religious organization and have felt that I should contribute my best efforts to it whenever possible."

These verses were thought out

completely and memorized before they were placed on paper. Sister Fox expressed it in this way: "I just think words out and remember. These words did not see paper until the whole thing was finished." She says her writing ability has come through practice and that if people will only work hard enough they can accomplish almost anything. Sister Fox writes from the fullness of her heart and from actual experiences in life. "Why shouldn't I write about singing mothers?" she said. "I have a singing heart myself. I go to bed humming and rise each morning with a song in my heart. Beautiful music keeps one young. Some people say, 'Life begins at forty'; but I say it begins at seventy. I don't think 'old'. I am willing to admit my years but unwilling to admit I am old."

We are indeed indebted to Sister Fox for this inspirational poem. We are proud of the eighty-five years she has so generously shared. Such years of wisdom, encouragement and youthful enthusiasm will ever keep alive the spirit of music in our souls.

By Janet M. Thompson

Pushing Back Last Year's Leaves

By Kathleen B. Nelson

PUSHING back last year's leaves is a dramatic gesture. One does it with such an odd mixture of eagerness and timidity. Going into the garden the first warm day spells rare adventure. That clump of green looks promising. I advance breathless. What? Only catnip! I stoop down low to get the proper leverage to oust that intruder, and thus I perceive a dandelion impudently flaunting its lush rosette. With weed-digger poised for a ruthless slaughter, I pause to investigate, poking gently with my fingers, and see at the dandelion's margin a colony of tiny seedlings. One true leaf, crinkly and round, confirms my first hope. They are primroses. One false move, one ruthless rake and where, oh where, would all this potential loveliness have fled? Fingers are the only tool to trust in removing last year's leaves if you truly love your garden!

This first discovery is followed by another and another. The crocuses have done their own pushing and there a fat hyacinth wearing a brown-leaf girdle reminds one of a portly matron. Here are forget-me-nots, lilies of the valley and violas thickly studded with buds. One more warm day and loveliness will flash.

This pushing back last year's leaves is doubly poignant after a long illness or a catastrophe in our own lives. For just so do we come back pushing timidly among the ruins. If this is your lot this spring, take heart, be of good cheer, for if you have ever planted there awaits you happy surprise.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

Can The Family Have Two Heads?

Lesson 7

By Paul Popenoe, Sc. D.

(Director Institute of Family Relations, Los Angeles, Calif.)

THE contemporary theory of marriage looks on it as a democratic co-partnership in which husband and wife have equal rights, privileges, duties, responsibilities, and obligations.

As a fact, only about one-third of the marriages, even in a well educated stratum of society, reach this ideal. A study of thousands of families revealed the following situation:

Wife-dominated	28%
Husband-dominated	35%
"Fifty-fifty"	37%

But there was a great difference in the happiness of these marriages, the percentage rated (by close friends and relatives) as happy being:

Wife-dominated	47%
Husband-dominated	61%
Fifty-fifty	87%

Obviously, if the family is to have only one head, it is safer that the husband be that head. His abdication probably indicates that he is not a very strong character to start with, —perhaps brought up under too much femine dominance and deprived of the opportunity to develop initiative, self-respect, and readiness to accept responsibility. Such a state of affairs is probably just as unsatisfactory to the wife as to the husband. But it is obviously much safer to have a marriage of two emotionally mature personalities who can work out their partnership on a "50-50" basis.

Among the reasons for the failure of so many intelligent and otherwise well-educated people to attain a genuine partnership in marriage are the following:

1. They scarcely know what cooperation means. The general patterns of American society are based too much on competition and conflict, rather than on cooperation.

2. In the present public school system, boys and girls are trained from childhood to think that competition of the sexes is the normal thing, not cooperation. From kindergarten onward, they compete for marks, for the teacher's favor, for election to class offices. In high school they are taught that they must go out into the world and get jobs in competition with each other, —that each sex will try to get the better of the other, perhaps by unfair tactics. All this is no preparation for real cooperation in marriage.

3. The girl's patterns may be distorted by the Masculine Protest (lesson No. 6).

4. The boy's patterns may be distorted by too much female aggressiveness and dominance (lesson No. 5).

With these handicaps, a special effort must be made to prepare young people to cooperate with each other, in order that they may work

out the most satisfactory relationship in marriage. This involves:

1. Promotion of emotional maturity.

2. Getting rid of the idea of "sex equality". The sexes are not *equal*: Equality does not exist in nature; it is found only in the imaginary figures of the geometrists. The sexes complement each other, supplement each other, are mutually dependent. Each has its own specializations. Neither one is complete without the other. To think that either one is, in a general way, superior and the other inferior is just as unscientific as to suppose that they could possibly be equal.

3. Children should be brought up family-minded rather than herd-minded. This means closer association with their own parents and other adults (Lesson No. 8).

4. General patterns of cooperation should be promoted (as for example, through church organizations) in place of the selfish competition of much of the modern business world. If people can grow up with the idea of successful cooperation as producers and as consumers, it may be easier for them to transfer these patterns into their homes. Instead of cooperating, husband and wife are now too often competing against each other, or even in actual conflict, over such things as the division of the budget, the use of the automobile, the opportunity for recreation, the affection of the children, and so on. (In cooperation one is working *with* a person toward some goal which it is possible for both to attain. In competition one is working *against* a person toward a goal which only one can attain. In conflict, one is not only competing, but trying at the same time to injure or destroy the competitor.)

5. More division of labor in family life, based on biological specialization and on convenience, will also remove likelihood of conflict. No army ever won a battle if it was commanded by two generals, each with equal authority and each determined to assert his right to command. But an army can have two generals of equal rank and experience, each assigned to a particular type of work and each responsible for his own department; and they can confer profitably in staff meetings. Many a home suffers from having two generals, each determined to be boss. At the very best, this leads to a great waste of time in talking over all sorts of trivial affairs, because each is determined to be heard before anything at all is done. It is much simpler to divide up the labor, each being responsible for certain things; then they will have time to discuss the few really important matters of new policy that arise from time to time. Just how the division should be made is wholly a matter of convenience. The important thing is a clear understanding that each is expected to assume responsibility for certain parts of the family enterprise.

6. This is greatly helped if young people are taught, so far as possible, how to cooperate intelligently in some of the most important areas of family relationships. Among these are:

(a) The marital adjustment. Unless this is achieved fairly early in marriage, it may result in all sorts of unnecessary tension and friction, which make cooperation in any

sphere more difficult. It depends largely on emotional maturity, understanding of the differences in the psychology of the sexes, and a minimum amount of information easily obtainable through a number of good books and pamphlets that are widely accessible.

(b) Handling the family income. Many men are generous, not so many are just, in this respect. Sometimes a man, feeling uncertain of his ability to maintain superiority in any other way, uses his control of the pocketbook as a club to bring his wife into submission. In a large number of successful families, the joint checking account with agreement on division of labor in taking care of expenditures proves satisfactory, but there is no one panacea. In some equally successful families the wife handles all the finances, in others the husband.

(c) Management of children. These should be, and normally are, the strongest bond uniting husband and wife in a partnership; but everyone knows that they sometimes serve as a cause of discord instead. If husbands as well as wives have a proper education for parenthood, much of the difficulty will disappear.

(d) Housework. The huband who will accept no responsibility whatever for what goes on at home is matched by the wife who expects her husband to do a hard day's work outside, then come home and do a full half of the housework as well.

(e) Recreation. Abundance of mutual, wholesome, inexpensive, constructive recreation that will break the daily monotony, bring husband and wife closer together, give them something to think about, and talk about, include the children (if there are any), is an absolutely necessary part of family relations. People should budget their time for this purpose, just as carefully as they budget their finances (much more carefully than most of us do, in fact!).

(f) Attitude toward relatives. The husband (according to a widespread complaint) expects the wife to show deference to his relatives but is sometimes careless about showing an equal amount to hers. This question of in-laws has been a hard one since the beginning of time. There is no formula to solve it automatically, but it should be faced frankly and in a broad spirit of cooperation.

Questions and Problems

1. Check over the happiest families you know and name the factors that contribute to this happiness. What factors contribute to unhappiness in family life?

2. If the wife has had a good job before marriage, do you think this experience helps to produce real cooperation between husband and wife?

3. What is the function of religion in aiding husbands and wives to achieve larger happiness and mutual understanding?

4. Would you say that there is more or less likelihood of family disintegration in a home where the wife has outside employment than where she gives most of her attention to the home? When? Why?

5. What changes in the education of young people in high school do you think would most effectively promote successful cooperation when they marry?

Out-of-door Development of the Home Beautiful

(*Continued from page 230*)

standing from year to year. We become so used to them they are hardly noticed, but the stranger is shocked at their ugliness. Remove them and see what a different picture is possible.

The garage, which has now become a necessity, is the logical nucleus of the outdoor service. Farm property is often treated similarly, with the garage the center of the service directly related to the house; while the barn, farther removed, belongs to the group of other farm buildings not necessarily in connection with the family living quarters. Many practical solutions in modern building include the garage as a unit of the house. All in all our utmost efforts should be used to make this service area convenient, of minimum space, and inconspicuous as possible.

NOW turn to the property that remains. Measure it carefully and make a plan of it on paper, for convenience sake allowing one-fourth inch to represent one foot existing. At this stage do not exclaim, "Oh I cannot do things like that—I never could draw anything!" With determination make an attempt. It may prove to be rather a curious shape when you have it completed, suggesting two or more areas. That only makes its possibilities more interesting. Be sure to show all buildings or construction of any kind and trees or shrubs already growing. Note the directions, North, East, and South, conspicuously, so you can keep in mind

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where the sun will shine and where shadows fall.

Then ask yourself, "Where does the house 'connect' with this area?" For this is to be the private area, the outdoor living room, the spot you call your own. In order to really enjoy it, you must be able to reach it easily and preferably get at least a glimpse of it from the indoor living room. A slight change of the house itself may be necessary to accomplish this. But it is often simple to change a back bedroom to a study or sun room. Additional use may come from converting a window into a French door or even knocking out a section of the wall to allow for a door. Never will a door open upon more pleasure for you than when it opens directly into your garden. An open terrace adjoining this doorway can be very inexpensive and a most desirable link between the indoors and outdoors.

There are usually several ways to solve the problem of getting directly to the garden, and all should be studied to be sure the one best suited is chosen. It is much wiser to do this "on paper" before time and money are spent than to plunge in and then in disappointment say, "I wish I'd thought of that other way before!" A happy relationship between the indoors and the garden, more than any other factor, assures delight in the garden itself. Once this is determined the next procedure is to enclose it.

Due regard has been given the neighbors and the public, but this area, to be our own, must be private; and to be private it must be entirely shut off from prying eyes. There are many ways of doing this. One

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of the most beautiful methods is with high plantings of shrubs or hedges which need not necessarily be expensive. The old-fashioned privet, Ligustrum vulgare, for example, has wonderful possibilities for such use. It grows readily from cutting, is not exacting in soil requirements and makes an excellent background either growing naturally or clipped as a hedge. One thing to especially remember in enclosing a garden is that it is not "enclosed" unless the enclosure is above eye level, really making a screen. Often in a very small space it is better to use a lattice fence and vines in order to conserve space, but always the fence must be six feet high if it is to be properly effective. Sometimes this enclosure is also needed to shut out unsightly things beyond. Then what is called a background screen is often successful. This would be a planting of one or two trees along with large, rapid-growing shrubs with yet smaller, compact ones in the foreground to make a pleasing "mass" effect in all and at the same time serve a special purpose.

Once we have our area related to the indoors and enclosed, it only remains for us to carry out our heart's desire—but on paper first! The results we hope for will be much more certain if we do it first by plan. A shrub can be moved, an existing tree taken into consideration so much more thoroughly if we do it first in our minds. Once the scheme is developed we can stay steadfastly to

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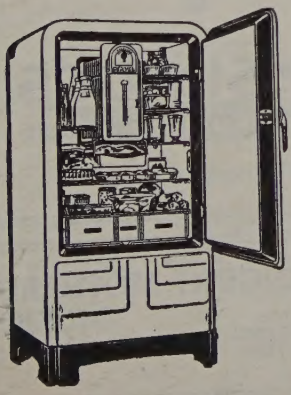

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